THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 7. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MORE ABOUT "BONEY."

He Overthrew the French Directory, Because He had no Respect for it, and Became Emperor on Account of the Bourbon-English Plots Against His Life.

Count Lavalette Gives Napoleon's Words in Reference to the Base Attempts Made to Assassinate Him.

Yet another addition to the great library of Napoleonic literature, and a valuable one too, as coming from one intimately with Napoleon. This work may, perhaps, be compared with that of Meneval, as giving at first hand impressions of the great conqueror, and facts about his career. But it has an advantage over that of Meneval, inasmuch as the Count Lavalette is not such a thorough-going partisan. Indeed, he was bred a Royalist, and he seems to have remained so in principle long after the fall of the French monarchy, though he admits that he gave up that belief when he came to know what misery monarchy inflicted on France. Like nearly all persons who were brought into close contact with Napoleon, Lavalette was fascinated with his wonderful personality, and until the disasters of the Russian campaign, he believed the Imperial government the best for France in every way. Count Lavalette tells his story in simple and clear language, restricting himself in the main to those matters of which he had personal knowledge. We cannot say that the translation is in all respects satisfactory, for here and there are very bad specimens of English—as, e.g. "the unfortunate attempt at Quiberon had struck the last blow *to* the enthusiasm," etc.; or again, "so as to prevent a persecution he was not able to prevent."

The events of the Revolution down to Aug. 10, when the Swiss Guards were massacred, are briefly delineated for us by one who was a hostile eye-witness. The return of the king from Versailles to Paris in October, 1789, is thus described: "The groups that marched foremost carried on long pikes the bloody and dishevelled heads of the Life Guards butchered in the morning. Surely Satan himself first invented the placing of a human head on the end of a lance. The disfigured and pale features, the gory locks, the half open mouth, the closed eyes, images of death, added to the gestures and salutations the executioners made them perform, in horrible mockery of life, presented the most frightful spectacle rage could have imagined. A troop of women, ugly as crime itself, swarming like insects and wearing grenadiers' hairy caps, went continually to and fro, howling barbarous songs, embracing and insulting the Life Guards. This scene lasted eight hours before the Royal family arrived at the Place de Greve and alighted at the Hotel de Ville, their first resting-place during protracted misery that terminated some years afterwards in a horrible death."

Lavalette did not then perceive that these human monsters were themselves the direct product of the political and social system they were destroying; but he saw it more clearly later on. He condemns in the strongest manner the supine selfishness of the aristocracy, and asserts that if they had risen manfully in defense of their king the mob at Versailles could have been easily dispersed. For the aristocracy, indeed, all through Lavalette shows contempt, and though he deeply pities the unfortunate royalties, he thinks with good reason that the fatuous folly of Louis XVI. was largely responsible for that unfortunate monarch's fate. Incidentally he relates a little occurrence which shows us why the Duke of Orleans was converted into such an enemy of his royal house:

"It was agreed that the first Prince of the Blood should come publicly to pay his respects—I think it was on Easter Sunday. The apartments were crowded. The prince appeared at the moment dinner was being served up to the Royal family. Immediately some silly young men, thinking themselves very clever, cried out, 'Take care of the dishes! Here comes the Duke of Orleans'! Another imagined he was doing some wonderful achievement in brushing by the prince and saying, insolently, 'That was a kick!' The prince, seeing himself thus insulted in the king's presence, left the the palace abruptly, convinced that the queen had drawn him into an odious snare. From that moment he joined the most violent of the factions, and the fatal and shameful consequences of that step are but too well known."

Lavalette shows how miserable were the arrangements on the Royalist side on Aug. 10, and states distinctly that the Swiss Guards fired first, and were so the authors of their own annihilation. Speaking of the September massacres which followed, he writes:

"These lasted three days, and, I blush while I write it, at half a mile from the different prisons nobody would have imagined that their countrymen were at that moment being butchered by hundreds. The shops were open, pleasure was going on in all its animation, and sloth rejoiced in its vacuity. All the vanities and seductions of luxury, voluptuousness, and dissipation peaceably swayed their sceptre."

This little picture is a needed corrective of the prevalent view that Paris was under a pall of darkest gloom for a period of two or three years. Nothing of the kind; people danced and played while their fellows were being torn limb from limb—at least those did who were well off. When Lavalette left Paris after the massacres, he tells us that more than half the city lived on potatoes, and that thousands of women and children used to sit for hours on the stones before the bakers' shops waiting for a bit of bread. To them Revolution brought but little in its train.

Lavalette first met Napoleon at Milan, and was made one of his aides-de-camp. He was instantly struck by his extraordinary knowledge even of the minute details of the Rhine campaign, which the French were then conducting. Already Napoleon was a marked figure, and he was already dissatisfied, as the people were, with the Directory. Of only one member of that body—Carnot—does Lavalette speak with respect, a feeling always shared by Napoleon himself:

"The only man in the council who deserved his high station, and who enjoyed undisputed respect, was Carnot. At that period he had not yet completely displayed the inflexibility of conscience and the wonderful disinterestedness that had made him hitherto inaccessible both to the seduction and to the threats and severity of power, but those who approached him admired in him a dignity of character combined with virtue and vast information, entirely devoted to support the liberty and independence of his country."

Lavalette relates with the authority of an eye-witness the steps taken by Napoleon to overthrow the Directory. On his return from Egypt and Syria a banquet was to be given him by the government in recognition of his services, the church of St. Sulpice being chosen as the scene. Napoleon actually feared poison, and he insisted on taking his own bread and bottle of wine with him. The dinner passed off coldly, every man suspecting his neighbor. On the 17th Brumaire, the Council of Five Hundred, fearing a coup d'etat, proposed that every member should mount the tribune and swear to support the constitution of the year III. Napoleon was outside with Sieyes in an apartment bare of everything but two arm-chairs. Napoleon said, "Now, you see what they are doing." To which Sieyes replied, "To swear to a part of the constitution may be right, but to the whole constitution—that is too much." All of a sudden Napoleon appeared at the door of the apartment, where thirty staff officers, with Gen. Berthier, were gathered, and, beating the floor with his whip, exclaimed, "This must have an end!" Instantly a regiment, ready for action, was discovered outside, and Napoleon strode into the hall where the Five Hundred were sitting, and was nearly suffocated in a general melee. Shouts of "Down with the Dictator!" arose, but the general took a resolution, and gave Murat orders to clear the hall. Murat placed Col. Dujardin at the head of a detachment of grenadiers, who crossed the hall at a quick pace. When the colonel was at the end of the hall, he turned round towards the members who filled the benches; but these, getting out by the windows, disappeared, and laid down their costume, which consisted of a sort of Roman toga with a square cap.' The Directory was at an end, the Consulate at once began—such was the celebrated 18th Brumaire.

Lavalette is of opinion that it was the conspiracy with which the name of the Duc d'Enghien is connected that led Napoleon to change the Consulate into the Empire. He does not, like Meneval, defend the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, but he explains it in these words:

"Another motive, perhaps the most peremptory, must be sought for in Bonaparte's character—impetuosity and love of revenge, which might be called the 'vendetta Corsica.' That feeling was, besides, at the period I am describing, raised to the highest degree by his enemies. I heard him say a few days afterwards, 'Let them throw all Europe on my shoulders; my part will then be to defend myself; their attack is a legal one. But to blow up whole streets, to kill or maim more than 100 persons in the hope of coming at me; to send, as they now have done, forty bravoes to murder me—that is too much. I will make them shed tears of blood. They shall learn at their expense what it is to make murder legal.'"

Napoleon made Lavalette Minister of Posts, in which capacity he carried out a remarkable postal system, and stopped the custom of opening private letters, which had before prevailed. As such he had constant intercourse with Napoleon, and he says that the latter, in all his misfortunes, constantly turned to him. The following little scene, which took place when the Allies were swarming into France, is interesting:

"The first evening I found him so cast down, so overwhelmed, that I was frightened. I went down to see his secretary, who was my friend. I communicated to him my fears that his mind, formerly so strong, had begun to sink. 'You need not fear,' he replied; 'he has lost nothing of his energy. But in the evening you see him quite bent down with fatigue. He goes to bed at eleven o'clock, but he is up at three in the morning, and till night every moment is devoted to business.'"

What a career was this! It is doubtful if the world will ever see its like again.—*Daily Chronicle.*

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

INDORSED IN IRELAND.

The Views of the Mr. James Killelea, of Nashville, Finds Favor With the Tuam "Herald."

The Irish Situation Most Ably Treated—The Fatal Results of Alienated American Sympathy.

We often ask ourselves if the fomenters and favorers of disunion among the Irish party ever seriously contemplate the consequences to the cause and the country of their insensate wranglings and quarrels. It is not enough to alienate, as such conduct is fast doing, all sympathy with the Irish members in England as is so evident this week in the significant circumstance that for the first time within the last seven years an English election is being fought without the presence and co-operation thereat of a single Irish member, but what is infinitely more important than this is the complete and perfect break with America, which recent events have caused and present events are serving to perpetuate. Across the waters of the Atlantic exists among our vigorous, exiled brethren an attitude not only of indifference but of disgust at the sickening condition of things in Ireland.

We print today a very important letter from one of the leading and representative Irishmen in America voicing this sentiment and calling in the strongest terms for a speedy and satisfactory settlement of present personal differences. Mr. Killelea appeals to irrefutable facts and uses unanswerable arguments to support his contention. The impoverished condition today of the exchequers of both parties attest the terrible truth of his remarks. The once unmeasured inflow of American gold sent with the characteristic generosity of a high-minded and free-handed people is stemmed, and not a dollar for the thousands that once poured in now finds its way into this country. This abstention from support is no accidental circumstance, but deliberate conclusion on the part of a practical people to send no aid whatsoever for the furtherance of faction in any shape or form. This resolve will be persisted in, and not until the Irish party once again closes its now-riven ranks, and presents to friend and foe the old undivided front it could boast of in 1886, will a cent come across the Atlantic.

Considering it was American money that ran the agitation for Home Rule up to the ill-fated split in 1891, and that it was American methods of determination and resolution that made it the power it was, the withdrawal of that life-blood from the movement must inevitably reduce it to the contemptible parochial proportions it is fast reaching. It is in vain to attempt to revive the old spirit. Appeals may go forth, emissaries may be told off to try to change that dogged attitude of American aloofness, but in vain. Only this very week one of the Irish party returned from an unnoticed and unwelcome visit that was a sad failure, which in other times would have been a triumphal progress, and came back with a very impressive lesson taught him and his friends of the utter uselessness of any attempt to excite American enthusiasm for a divided Ireland. One has but to take up the American papers to see palpable proofs of this disposition towards the present conduct of nationalist affairs. The proceedings in Ireland, such as they are, are simply disregarded, and no attention whatever paid to the mutual bickerings of the combatant patriots. The attacks by or upon Mr. Healy are of equal unimportance to our exiled friends, the pretty schoolboy rows over checks that were got and not acknowledged cease to interest men who despise such base bickerings among old friends and colleagues. Day by day that fatal result of the alienated sympathy of America will become more apparent.

Mr. Killelea pertinently and practically asks how Ireland is preparing to meet the next general election, full of such important and weighty consequences for her cause, carrying with it either victory or defeat, as we here at home utilize the occasion? As we said last week, and now repeat, never were we worse prepared for the impending and fateful contest. It is certain that if things go on as they are now, and that the three nationalist sections do not coalesce, that their present representation will be further reduced, while the otherwise splendid chance of gaining four Tory seats here and twenty in England will be sacrificed. Thus in plain terms for thirty to forty votes for Home Rule will be lost, a number sufficient to carry it in the teeth of any adverse house of lords. This is the price and penalty, and never before did the same result so closely depend upon the wise and prudent management of public affairs in Ireland. We, for our part, are not concerned in defending or reprobating the recent conduct of Mr. Healy. That has been sufficiently dealt with, and the sooner it is dropped the better. It is idle for the writer in the *Freeman*, who attacks him, to try to disguise the fact that half the priests of Ireland are on his side, and that these innocent and venomous onslaughts are doing him more good than harm. All this is but of a piece with the senseless policy of internecine wrangling that is being pursued, and is but indicative of the wild fury of abuse that seems to have spread itself over the country to the amazement of the friends of Ireland in England and America, and the delight of the Tories.

Not a day passes without a broadside of vilification from one side or the other, through their recognized organs, to the weariness of their readers. A not unlikely result of all this rowing and wrangling is the growing apathy of the people to the great questions at stake, and apathy which even public meetings and gatherings won't galvanize into the old spirit in face of a divided party, and which will show itself at the next election in the marvelous number of abstentions that will occur at the polls. It is not as it was at the last struggle when a certain amount of enthusiasm was created on both sides, and when the promise and potency of Mr. Gladstone's influence went for so much in favor of the Federation. He is now removed, and there is relatively nothing in the performance or promises of his successor to evoke much of that old enthusiasm, so that all told, if the several divided sections go to the country in their present attitude towards each other, the ballot boxes may reveal strange surprises for some self-confident politicians. The uncertainties of the issue of a divided call, the certainties of the result of a united appeal, the determined attitude of America to keep clear from either side so long as it is rent in twain as it is, the withdrawal of American support from a divided Ireland, all these considerations should nerve the leaders of opinion upon all sides to sink all personal differences and once again combine as of old for the cause that calls so urgently for their sole and entire strength, and which will alone prosper under such conditions.—*Tuam (Ireland) Herald.*

"OLD IRONSIDES."

The Noble Frigate "Constitution" Almost a Century Old.

The famous frigate "Constitution," often known as "Old Ironsides," was launched Sept. 20, 1797, and therefore lacks only two years of being a century old. She is the most famous ship in the history of the United States, and in her renown rivals the celebrated line-of-battle ship "Victory." Lord Nelson's flagship at the battle of Trafalgar. She has been, indeed, what is called a lucky ship. She never lost a battle, she never fell into the hands of the enemy, and she never was disabled by a storm. Many narrow escapes she has had in her long and prosperous career, and she has come triumphant out of all her adventures. Like the constitution of the United States, after which she was named, she has withstood every danger that threatened, and is a fitting type of the ship of state.

Of course, during her seventy-five years of active service the Constitution often needed to be repaired. But although the material in her has been often replaced, she always continued the same ship, just as the human body is the same body of the same person, though its substance is constantly changing. In 1830 it was decided that the good frigate "Constitution" would hardly warrant the cost of repairs, especially when the nature of modern naval warfare was considered. She was therefore condemned, and was about to be broken up when Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous ode appeared, beginning, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down." The poet shamed congress, and it was decided to repair once more the old warship. She took several cruises after that, and once carried a load of wheat to the starving poor of Ireland. On that voyage she went ashore, and, being old, there was every reason why she should have left her bones on the coast; but, with her usual good luck, the "Constitution" got off without serious damage and returned to her native land.

But a day came at last when no further repairs would avail, and a government which pays little for sentiment, would spend nothing to keep up a ship which had contributed so much to the glory of our ship-builders, of our brave seamen, and of our starry flag. The "Constitution," leaky and dismantled, was lying at the Brooklyn navy-yard, awaiting her doom. Happily the government again relented in her favor. It was decided that she should not be broken up. As long as her old timbers would hold together she should be allowed to float, but not with her trim masts and spars, as if still a living monument of our naval pride. No; they would not break her up, but they would send her into an obscure exile, where few could see her and where she would soon be forgotten and gradually wear away. Sometimes I think it would have been nobler to take the old frigate out to sea, and piercing her sides with a volley of guns, let her sink into the bosom of the element which had borne her proud form to so many victories.—*S. G. W. Benjamin in February St. Nicholas.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

CATHOLICS IN FAVOR.

Seventeen Councils of the American Protective Association Rebel, and Form a New Organization.

Declare That Partisan Politicians, Not Catholics, Are the Nation's Enemies.

Seventeen councils of the American Protective Association in Chicago, represented by delegates at a convention held at 180 Twenty-second street yesterday, says the *Herald* of Wednesday last, renounced allegiance to the organization and adopted a declaration of principles and resolutions in which the proscription of Catholics forms no part. Those seventeen councils are now merged in a new organization to be known as the Royal Patriotic League, which is to be presently incorporated under the laws of the state. The principles enunciated at the convention were a complete refutation of the doctrine of the A.P.A., that Catholics could not be good citizens, and a vindication, if vindication was necessary, of their allegiance to the constitution of the United States. Bigots, and especially ministers of other denominations who have shown themselves anti-Catholic, will not find anything to comfort them in the principles of the newly organized Loyal Patriotic League.

It was predicted by men who were at one time stanch supporters of the A.P.A. that there would be such a desertion of the liberal minded men from the old organization in favor of the new one that there would be hardly a vestige of the old proscription society in a year. What the Loyal Patriotic League proposes to do is to educate good men of all creeds and different political parties up to a high standard of patriotism and love of country. Only politics of an unprincipled and corrupt kind and sectarian interference with the public school system will be frowned down.

Prof. Walter Sims presided as chairman, and at the opening of the convention read the declaration of principles and resolutions. They enunciated that the rights and privileges of citizenship were being overridden by unscrupulous and designing men, and that the time had come when it was a duty of all true men and free citizens to unite regardless of partisan politics, religious creed or social organization in an effort to reform the tyrannical and dangerous corrupting practices that have usurped control of municipal, state and national politics. Some of the principles to which the league pledged its support are as follows:

"Equal rights to every true citizen, regardless of color, creed or former nationality.

"The constitution of the United States and of the several states and the laws based thereupon.

"The absolute separation of the state from the church.

"The protection of a nonsectarian public school system.

"That no citizen shall be proscribed because of his religious belief from any of the privileges guaranteed to him by the constitution of the United States, nor shall any organization, either secular or religious, be permitted to adopt any test whereby its members are obligated, coerced or intimidated to act in violation of the constitutional provisions for the guarantee of religious liberty.

"That any organization, either civil or ecclesiastical, that violates in its constitution and obligations the independence of the citizen voter, the right of free speech, religious liberty, liberty of conscience and the freedom of the press is a conspiracy against republican institutions.

"That no true citizen patriot can be an unscrupulous partisan politician."

Winfield Scott McComas said that if the old organization had the new platform it would have become a power for good. He was not afraid of Catholics, but for unscrupulous politicians. He said he was for reform, but had no faith in Civic Federations or Marquette Clubs. The only political party, he asserted, that was in earnest for reform was the little Prohibition party.

Leo Richardson declared he was less afraid of Catholics than he was of cowardly Protestants, of white-chokered men who preached partisan politics and religious intolerance most of the week and prayed in the pulpit Sundays.

John T. Baker said he had as personal friends Catholics on whose devotion to the constitution of the United States he would stake his life, and he had felt his identification with the American Protective Association was incongruous with his faith and friendship in and for his Catholic friends. He promised to get many of them to join the league.

The new principles were adopted without a dissenting voice. An open letter of Prof. Sims to W. J. H. Traynor, Supreme President of the A. P. A., was read, in which the professor stated his reasons for renouncing all allegiance to the secret proscription, un-American practices, unjust and illegal acts, corrupt political machinery of the A. P. A. In these reasons Mr. Sims stated that he could sustain the following charges against it:

"1. Its secret partisan political methods are a conspiracy against the rights of American citizenship and a menace to honest popular government.

"2. Its constitution by which despotic power is vested in its officers is a violation of the constitution of the several states and of the United States and a menace to the personal liberty of its members.

"3. Its usurpation of powers such as are alone vested in the constitutional courts of the republic, and its refusal to allow its members to appeal from its actions to the civil courts, make it organized insurrection.

"4. Its so-called advisory boards, in which are vested all the political action and liberty of its members, is a conspiracy to control their franchises of citizenship in violation of the constitutional and legislative provisions and laws for the protection of the independence of the citizen voter.

"5. Its systematic persecution of its members and councils by the secret propagation of slanderous and libelous accusations, suspensions and expulsions by its officers for refusing to comply with their unjust, arbitrary and illegal dictatorship is despotic and un-American.

"6. Its claim to be a protective association of the liberal institutions which are founded upon the constitution under existing conditions is a misnomer, under cover of which it is organized as a secret political machine run in the interests of boodling politicians.

"7. As now constituted and controlled it is the enemy of free speech, a free press, liberty of conscience, religious liberty and political independence."

The letter was indorsed unanimously. The national officers of the Loyal Patriotic League are: President, Walter Sims; Vice-President, Arthur E. Gammage; Chancellor, J. B. Ellacott; Chaplain, Arthur W. Slaught, M. D.; Secretary, William E. Ser Vis; Treasurer, Joshua Boydell.

The cabinet was asked to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the league, and the next meeting will be held at the same place March 11.

OBITUARY.

MR. EDMOND CAHILL.

The many friends of Edmond Cahill will be grieved to learn of his death, in Brooklyn, on the 11th inst. He was a native of Kilteely, county Limerick, Ireland, and during the trying times of '67, took a prominent part in East Limerick in that unsuccessful attempt to snap the alien chain. He leaves a wife and nine children in Chicago to mourn his departure, to whom all friends extend heartfelt sympathy. May he rest in peace.

MRS. ELLEN ANSBRO.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Eleanor Ansbro (nee McMahon), wife of Mr. P. J. Ansbro, No. 529 Carroll avenue. The sad event occurred on the 4th inst., of pneumonia, after a short illness, to the inexpressible grief of her family and a great many old friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Ansbro was born in Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland, of an old and much-respected family. She was a sister of the Rev. J. McMahon, of Minooka, Ill., and of the late Mr. Francis P. McMahon, of Chicago. She was a lady of inestimable qualities, a beloved and affectionate wife, an excellent mother, a good sister, and a generous, hospitable and sympathetic friend, and her memory will be long remembered in the recollections of all who had the pleasure of knowing. The funeral, which occurred on the 6th, was largely attended from her late residence to St. Columbkill's church, where requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Dunn, Fathers McMahon, Egan and O'Brien in the sanctuary. Prof. Moore, an old acquaintance of the family, presided at the organ. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

Work of Catholic Women.

His Grace Archbishop Feehan was the honored guest of the Chicago branch of the Catholic Women's National League last Saturday afternoon. Exhaustive reports of the work done in the three departments of the league since the latter's organization were read before the Archbishop, who was accompanied by Chancellor Muldoon. The two dignitaries occupied seats at the president's table. In the absence of Mrs. Isabel O'Keefe, the presideut of the Chicago branch, the guests of honor were introduced by Mrs. James E. Eagle, third vice-president of the national organization. Mrs. Eagle stated briefly the origin of the league and its varied objects. Archbishop Feehan in addressing the women complimented the organization upon the good that was being accomplished through it. He thought the members were wise in combining with their charitable work a means of recreation, as the organization was thereby more likely to endure. He spoke of charity as ever present with Catholicism, and said that the virtue of charity was God given.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LA GASCOGNE IS SAFE.

THE BIG FRENCH STEAMER SAFE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

After a Passage Across Old Ocean Fraught with Peril to Her Hundreds of Passengers —Comes Into Port in Company with an Anchor Liner—Joyful News.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—With three tugs hanging on before towing her to a safe harbor, La Gascogne, the French liner whose missing condition has made so many hearts heavy for a week, swung into quarters outside the bar at Sandy Hook last night at 11:21 with all on board well, and the words "Thank God!" were on the lips of hundreds who had relatives on board and in the hearts of thousands of others who had no interest in the ship's fate save that which sprung from human sympathy. It was 4:15 p. m. when La Gascogne was first sighted off Fire Island and 6:30 before the lookout was sure it was her.

She was proceeding very slowly and accompanied by two other steamers, one apparently an Anchor liner. She displayed signals, but in the failing light they could not be made out from the station on Fire Island. Her French flag was made out soon after the vessel came into view, and as no other vessel of that line was due there was little doubt of her identity, and it probably would never have been questioned but that her long delay had led shipping men to believe that if she was still afloat she would first be heard of from some other port. The hope was strengthened when it was seen that the vessel had two masts and two red funnels, black-topped.

News Makes Strong Men Weep.

The news that La Gascogne had been sighted was received with the greatest excitement at the office of the French line in Bowling Green. The cabin office was crowded with anxious inquirers who have relatives and friends on board the steamer. They had been standing around with pale faces expecting at any moment to hear the worst. When the word came that the ship was safe for a moment stillness reigned, which was almost painful in its intensity.

Agent Forget for a moment was rendered speechless, which evidenced how anxious he had been for the safety of the steamer. Then he regained himself and became wildly hilarious. He shouted, ran here and there, grasping the hand of this one and that one, and fairly jumped up and down over the floor amid the excitement of the moment. Then he put on his coat and started for the French line pier at the foot of Morton street, where a tug had been in readiness for days to take him to meet La Gascogne should she be sighted.

As soon as Forget arrived at the dock two tugs chartered beforehand were promptly ordered to get ready to force their way through the ice and down the bay. The first tug, the Louis Paulver, carried M. Forget and three influential members of the French colony down to Sandy Hook. The second boat, Edwin M. Millard, which left New York at 8 p. m., was placed at the disposal of the press by the French line, and carried down to quarantine about fifty newspaper men to add to the fifty already there, backing up fifty others who were on board tugs cruising about among the ice floes of the lower bay.

Cause of the Delay.

The tugs steamed along to the bar, and finally arrived alongside of La Gascogne. Her passengers were all on deck, some of them singing and most of them cheering as persons are wont to do when their minds are suddenly relieved of a heavy strain. For thirteen days of a voyage lasting sixteen days the ship had been disabled, one of her intermediate piston rods having broken on her third day out from Havre.

For sixteen hours on that fateful third day the vessel was hove to while the break was being repaired. It was comparatively good weather when the break occurred, but the steamer was doomed to run into some of the nastiest of her voyage. When the break had been repaired the steamer proceeded on her way, but under greatly reduced speed. When near the banks of Newfoundland La Gascogne ran into a gale that increased to hurricane force. When off Sable Island Feb. 5 the machinery broke down again and the steamer was hove to again, this time for forty-one hours.

No Panic Among Passengers.

During all this period the engines did not make a single revolution. When the second repairs had been made the steamer started ahead once more under still further reduced power and headed toward the Long Island coast. It is a remarkable fact that during the entire voyage across the Atlantic La Gascogne did not sight a steamer until she passed one bound for Philadelphia late on Sunday.

Late in the afternoon the French steamer signalled Fire Island, and then proceeded towards Sandy Hook lightship. While the passengers were considerably worried on account of the delay, there was never a panic among them. They knew their ship was a staunch one and they had every confidence in their captain.

And besides they knew that the ship was not totally disabled. But they were nervous and apprehensive at times and they hailed the conclusion of their voyage with joy. They cheered the captain and they cheered the crew and they cheered the tugs.

Everybody on board the La Gascogne is reported all right. In answer to queries from the tugs the steamer said that at no time were they in danger, although they encountered terrific gales.

CHINESE FLEET RUNS AWAY.

Japanese Capture Another Island at Wei-Hai-Wei—Severe Fighting.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The Times publishes a dispatch from Shanghai stating that the island of Liu Kung Tao, in the harbor of Wei-Hai-Wei, was captured by the Japanese Thursday. The dispatch adds that the Chinese warship Ting Yuen was sunk by a torpedo and that the remainder of the fleet dashed seaward. The fate of the vessels that attempted to put to sea is not known. A dispatch to The Times from Wei-Hai-Wei says that the Japanese desired to attack the western forts and those distant two miles along the shore which was covered by the Chinese fleet.

The advance guard was compelled to make a toilsome march Feb. 1 during a snowstorm and a strong gale. The march was made by a circuitous route. Eventually the Chinese troops were met on the Che Foo road west of Wei-Hai-Wei and severe fighting took place. The Chinese were defeated and fled to Che Foo. The loss on the Japanese side was thirty killed and wounded.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The Hawaiian question in general and the Hawaiian cable in particular were the main themes before the senate, but nothing except talk resulted on the item in the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill of $500,000 for immediately beginning cable construction between the United States and Hawaii. It will probably be ruled out on a point of order. The bill for a new postoffice building at Chicago was passed. Cost is limited to $4,000,000. It differs from the house bill and will go to conference. An executive session was held.

The second day's debate on the administration's bill authorizing the issue of $500,000,000 of gold bonds for the retirement of the legal tenders and treasury notes was not productive of marked incident of any kind. Most of the amendments were defeated as rapidly as offered. An amendment proposing to strike out the section providing for the payment of customs duties in gold was allowed to stand amended so as to make them payable in gold and silver, and the committee amendment compelling the national banks to carry their reserve in gold and silver coin was voted down.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The laying of a cable to Hawaii was further discussed in the senate, but no conclusion was reached, and the item remains as a stumbling block to the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill. The cable project has been well nigh lost sight of in the wide range of Hawaiian debate. The house did nothing but defeat the administration currency bill—161 to 134—and then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The senate passed a bill giving $10,000 for the relief of the poor in Washington. The president's message announcing the purchase of gold was read and referred to the finance committee. The message giving Minister Willis' telegram from Hawaii stating that two Americans had been condemned to death by the Dole government, caused a discussion. Hale, Hawley and others declared the execution must be stopped; Morgan said our policy was non-intervention. The matter was dropped without action. Some miscellaneous business was attended to and an executive session held.

The house filibustered against a bill to allow clerks for members at $1,200 per annum, and it was laid aside. The president's messages on bonds and the Hawaiian trials were read, the former referred to the ways and means and the latter to the foreign affairs committee. The senate bill for the relief of the poor of the city was passed, and the senate amendments to the bill to regulate navigation on lakes and rivers concurred in. A dozen or so private pension bills were passed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—By the decisive vote of 36 to 25 the senate adopted the amendment to the diplomatic bill giving $500,000 to begin work on a cable to Hawaii and authorizing the president to contract for the entire work at a cost not exceeding $3,000,000. Morgan, Gorman, Hill, Butler, Call and White, with two Populists, voted with the Republicans and made the majority for the cable. Pettigrew voted no. The diplomatic bill was passed and eulogies were pronounced on the late Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan. Peffer presented a resolution questioning the right of the treasury to issue bonds. A resolution was adopted for an international commission to investigate the connecting of the great lakes with the ocean.

The house in committee of the whole voted to place individual clerks of members on the annual salary roll at the rate of $100 per month. These clerks now get $100 per month during the session. The annual attempt to strike out the appropriation for the civil service commission was made and was defeated.

A joint resolution was passed to extend the time for making income tax returns to April 15. The remainder of the day after 2 o'clock was devoted to eulogies on the late Representative Wright, of Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—In the senate Hill introduced a resolution declaring that "coin" bonds shall be payable in gold whenever necessary to uphold the parity of gold and silver, and Stewart responded with one declaring that there was no authority to buy gold instead of silver for any purpose. Both went over. A message from the president was received giving certain information asked for about the seal fisheries. The postoffice appropriation was debated without action, the debate including "the earth."

The house agreed to the senate amendments to the Chicago postoffice building bill and devoted the rest of the day to the legislative appropriation bill. The bill for coinage at the branch mint at Denver was passed.

ANOTHER SPECIAL MESSAGE.

President Cleveland Notifies Congress of Purchase of Gold.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—President Cleveland has sent another special message to congress, in which he states that as a precautionary measure, in view of the doubt that congress would adopt some financial measure, he has negotiated for the purchase by the issue of 4 per cent. thirty-year bonds of $62,400,000 in gold.

He takes this action under section 3700 of the revised statutes. The bonds will net the holders 3½ per cent. interest, and none of the gold is to be withdrawn from the treasury to purchase the bonds; at least one half is to be obtained abroad.

The investors preferred gold instead of "coin" bonds and offered to take gold securities at 3 per cent., which the president says is significant as developing the difference of estimation in which the two kinds are held by investors. Could he have issued gold bond the saving in interest on the loan for its whole life would have been $16,174,770.

He has negotiated for the privilege of substituting for the "coin" bonds gold bonds at the rate of interest noted, if congress will authorize such action.

Whisky Trust Turned Over to McNulta.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 9.—President Greenhut, Vice President Beggs and Treasurer Hobart have formally turned over the affairs of the whisky trust to Receivers McNulta and Lawrence. McNulta stated they had been busily engaged all day with the books of the company and receiving information by wire as to the business of the company.

Chief Arthur Fixed It Up.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 11.—Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Engineers, says that all chance of any difficulty between the Southern Pacific and the engineers is now at an end. He said that mutual concessions had been made and only the details required to be arranged.

DEFEATED THE BILL.

HOUSE GOES AGAINST ADMINISTRATION MEASURE.

Not Even Allowed to Go to Third Reading —The Refusal Clinched and Riveted by Laying a Reconsideration on the Table— Those Who Voted for Third Reading.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The last hope of financial legislation for the relief of the treasury at the present session of congress went by the board when the house yesterday afternoon by a vote of 134 to 161 rejected the administration bill to authorize an issue of $500,000,000 gold bonds. The bill was beaten before it reached its last parliamentary stage. This result was reached after three days of spirited and at times heated debate, and at the end of a seven-hour session. From 11 a. m. until 8:30 p. m. yesterday, when the bill with the pending substitutes was reported to the house from the committee of the whole, amendments were offered in rapid succession, most of which were voted down as fast as they were offered.

Vote on the Reed Substitute.

Many of them were desired to load down the bill and the votes thereon were in no sense test votes. The Bell amendment, for instance, to make the bonds payable in gold and silver, was defeated by the decisive vote of 76 to 103, while the bill was defeated by 134 to 161. Both the Reed and Cox substitutes with the amendments thereto were rejected after the bill was reported to the house. The Reed substitute authorizing the issue of coin bonds for the replenishment of the gold reserve and certificates of indebtedness to defray deficiencies in the revenues, was lost—109 to 187. It was a party vote, save for the fact that seven Democrats and Cannon of California voted for it.

Refused to Order to Third Reading.

When the question came up on the third reading and engrossment of the bill the whole opposition concentrated. While the vote was being taken which resulted in the refusal of the house to order the third reading the interest centered in the vote of Reed. He had sat quietly in his seat during the first call and did not answer to his name, but on the second call he voted for the bill. As soon as the result was announced Reed attempted to make an explanation of the attitude of himself and those of his colleagues who had voted for the bill, but objections were made.

Names of the Men Who Voted Aye.

Following are the names of those who voted for the third reading: Adams of Pennsylvania, Aldrich, Babcock, Baldwin, Barnes, Bartlett, Barwig, Beckner, Beltzhoover, Berry, Bingham, Boutelle, Brickner, Brosius, Bynum, Cadmus, Caminetti, Campbell, Caruth, Causey, Chickering, Clancy, Clark of Alabama, Cobb of Missouri, Coffin, Coombs, Cooper of Florida, Cooper of Indiana, Cornish, Covert, Crain, Dalzell, Daniels, Davy, Deforest, Dingley, Draper, Dunphy, Durborow, English of California, Erdman, Everett, Fielder, Fletcher, Forman, Gardner, Geary, Geisenhainer, Gillett of Massachusetts, Goldzier, Gorman, Gresham, Griffin of Michigan, Griffin of Wisconsin, Grout, Haines, Hall of Minnesota, Hammond, Harmer, Harrison, Haughen, Hayes, Hendrix, Henry, Hicks, Hines, Hooker of New York, Kiefer, Kribbs, Lapham, Lefevre, Lockwood, Lynch, Mahon, Marvin of New York, McAleer, McDannold, McGann, McKaig, Meyer, Montgomery, Mutchler, O'Neill of Massachusetts, O'Neill of Missouri, Outhwaite, Page, Paschal, Patterson, Payne, Pearson, Pendleton of West Virginia, Piggott, Powers, Quigg, Randall, Ray Reed, Reilly, Reyburn, Richards of Ohio, Ritchie, Russell of Connecticut, Ryan Schermerhorn, Scranton, Sickles, Sipe, Smith, Somers, Sorg, Sperry, Stevens, Stone, Charles W. Stone, William A. Stone of Kentucky, Storer, Straus, Talbott of Maryland, Tarsney, Turner of Georgia, Turner of Virginia, Turpin, Updegraff, Van Voorhis of New York, Wadsworth, Wagner, Warner, Washington, Wells, Wilson of West Virginia, Wise, Wolverton, Woomer, Wright. Total, 134.

Vote Clinched and Riveted.

Springer then moved to reconsider the vote by which the third reading was refused, but this motion was laid on the table—135 to 123—and the bill was killed, parliamentarily speaking. An analysis of the vote shows that forty-four Republicans and ninety Democrats voted for the bill, and fifty-six Republicans, ninety-seven Democrats and eight Populists voted against it.

PULLMAN READY TO TESTIFY.

Break in the Debs Trial Because a Juror Is Sick with the Grip.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—The Debs trial is hung up because one of the jurors is sick abed—so ill that Judge Grosscup says he will not be able to take further part in this trial. The judge said that if the juror were his father he would not want him to get out of bed for at least two weeks, and then he would not be able to do jury duty for several weeks more.

Regarding the whereabouts of George M. Pullman, whose employes acted so mysteriously, John S. Runnells, counsel for the Pullman corporation, says: "There has been an entirely unnecessary amount of criticism concerning Mr. Pullman's absence. In the first place I want to say that I was called out of town on the company's business last Saturday week. Mr. Pullman left the city on Tuesday morning for New York, and up to that time neither he nor I had the slightest intimation that his presence in the trial was being sought for. I am further willing to be quoted as saying that Mr. Pullman is entirely willing to give his testimony in the case, and that a subpœna would secure the same attention from him as from any other citizen."

Another Trolley Strike Mooted.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The employes of the Consolidated Traction company in Jersey City are growing restless because of the failure of the company to act on their petition presented to President E. F. C. Young two months ago. The result of the Brooklyn strike has led some of the officials to imagine that a strike on the part of the Jersey City motormen is now out of the question. Nevertheless there is much murmuring among the trolleymen. Their chief demands are $2 per day and $1.75 for night trippers, besides an arrangement whereby no one can be employed unless the "breakers in" say so.

Strong Can Rig His Guillotine.

ALBANY, Feb. 12.—Governor Morton has signed the power of removal bill, which gives Mayor Strong the power to depose the heads of departments of the New York city government.

ABDICATION OF LILIUOKALANI.

The Dusky Queen of Hawaii Gives Up the Fight—Conspiracy Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 7.—The latest news from the Hawaiian Islands tells of the abdication in favor of the republic of Queen Liliuokalani. She has subscribed to an oath of allegiance and calls on all the islanders to be loyal to the republic. Her action is thought to be a move to obtain clemency in her trial for treason. Papers have been found showing that she was in the conspiracy and that every arrangement had been made to reinstate her, even to the selection of a cabinet and the preparation of a new constitution.

Three of the conspirators have pleaded guilty—Wilcox, Bertelman and Nowlin—the latter of whom have turned state's evidence to save their necks. Thomas Poole, a carpenter, is the one charged with killing Carter. The trial has been concluded and the culprits await their doom, which from present appearances is likely to be death in several cases.

Among the papers of the queen were some that seemed to implicate Rudolph Spreckels, the son of the sugar king, in the supply of arms to the rebels, but the proof is not strong.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7—Minister Thurston read the account of the abdication of the ex-queen with close interest, but was evidently of the opinion that the abdication did not amount to anything. Other Hawaiian monarchs had done similar things. Besides Liliuokalani was of no consequence now any more than any other citizen of Hawaii; she had no power to abdicate, but her act might have some moral effect on the natives.

WILL SEE TWO EMPRESSES.

Honors That Disaster Has Crowded Upon Miss Boecker.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Miss Anna Boecker, the only woman on the Elbe who was saved, has received a command from the queen to visit her at Osborne House, the royal residence on the Isle of Wight. The royal yacht has been placed at her disposal for the purpose of the visit. Empress Frederick of Germany, the queen's eldest daughter, is visiting her mother at Osborne House, and Miss Boecker will be given an audience by both the queen and Empress Frederick.

Adry Hayward Testifies.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 12.—The most exciting day in the Hayward trial was yesterday. The excitement was intense and the scenes were dramatic. Adry Hayward went on the stand and told how Harry had informed him that he would kill Miss Ging; that he had killed three other persons, and had caused a fire in the east that had killed two of them. In fact from Adry's evidence it seems that Harry had told him all his murderous plans before the deed was committed. The story was a straight one and did not differ a particle from what he had told before. It was more than exciting—it was tragical. To make it more so the mother of the two men sat there and heard the whole terrible recital.

Three People Burned to Death.

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 11.—Three persons were burned to death here at different points in the city. The clothing of Forest McKenney, a lad, caught fire from the grate; Mrs. W. D. Brown, an aged lady, was burned in the same manner, and a child of J. C. Smith fell into a tub of boiling water.

Caroline Hamilton Seeks Divorce.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9—The World says Caroline Hamilton, the prima donna of the Bostonians, has entered suit for absolute divorce against her husband, Charles Edward Hamilton. Statutory grounds are alleged in the complaint.

Concord's Officers Not Kidnaped.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The World prints a cable from Ching Kiang, China, which says: There is no truth whatever in the report that any officers of the United States gunboat Concord have been captured or arrested by the Chinese here.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@5 per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488¾@489 for demand and 487¼@487½ for sixty days; posted rates 488@488½ and 489@489½; commercial bills 486@486¾.

Silver certificates 59¾ bid; no sales; bar silver, 59¾. Mexican dollars 48¼.

United States government bonds 5's reg. 114½; 5's coupons 114½; 4's reg. 110; 4's coupons 110½; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—February, opened 53¾c, closed 53¾c; May, opened 53¾c, closed 53¾c; July, opened 54¼c, closed 54¼c. Corn—February, nominal, closed 42c; May, opened 44¼c, closed 44¼c; July, opened 44¼c, closed 44¼c. Oats—February, nominal, closed 27¾c; May, opened 29c, closed 29¼c; June, opened 27¾c, closed 28¼c. Pork—February, nominal, closed $9.90; May, opened $9.85, closed $10.15. Lard—February nominal, closed $6.47½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23½c per lb; extra dairy, 22c; packing stock, 7@9c per lb; fresh stock, 20@22c per doz., less off. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20@22c per doz., less off. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens, 8½@9c per lb.; turkeys, 9@10c; ducks, 9@12c; geese, 7@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks good to choice, 59@65c per bu.; Hebrons, 58@62c; Early Rose, 55@60c. Cranberries—Jerseys, $10.00@11.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 63,000; sales ranged at $3.80@3.85 pigs, $3.65@4.00 light, $3.75@3.90 rough packing, $3.80@4.10 mixed, and $3.85@4.20 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@5.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.90 good to choice do, $4.00@4.55 fair to good, $3.40@3.90 common to medium do., $3.10@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.90 stockers, $2.90@3.60 feeders, $1.30@2.80 cows, $2.70@3.65 heifers, $2.00@3.75 bulls, $2.75@4.15 Texas steers, and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.70@4.35 westerns, $2.00@3.50 Texans, $2.00@4.50 natives and $3.00@5.25 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Feb. 11.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 2,350 head; market steady to firm for good grades, shade easier for cows and common stock; extra steers, $4.85; fair to good mixed butchers, $4.15@4.80; fat cows, $2.65@3.90; fresh cows steady at $25@50 a head. Hogs—On sale 15,300 head; market outside a few local deals was at a standstill; good light, $4.60@4.70; Yorkers, $4.30@4.50.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 11.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 53¾c; No. 1 northern, 53¼c; May, 53¾c. Corn—No. 3, 42c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31c; No. 3 white, nominal. Barley—No. 2, 56c; sample, 47@50c. Rye—No. 1, 52½c.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 7.—A bill for the appropriation of $26,000 to establish a plant in which to cultivate anti-toxine at public expense was introduced in the senate. Other bills introduced: To prevent replevin of captured gambling tools; to regulate elevated and surface railways. In the house the first bill against Pullman was introduced; it dictates what he shall charge for his sleeping car berths, the cut being about 50 per cent. Other bills: Proscribing the cigarette; to abolish capital punishment by the courts; to regulate the sale, etc., of bread. A large delegation of prominent Chicago men is here to lobby for the movement in favor of reform in city government.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 8.—In the state senate a letter from Vice President Stevenson was read thanking the senators for their sympathy. Several petitions were read, one being from letter carriers who want street railways forced to carry them free. The Chicago library bill was advanced to third reading, as were the bills giving $4,000 in aid of the State Horticultural Society and $1,000 annually to the Dairymen's association. Recent nominations by the governor were confirmed. The house sent to third reading the bill to make incurable insanity grounds for divorce. A number of bills were introduced, among them one appropriating $100,000 for a new state normal school, probably at Mattoon.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 9.—The senate adjourned to Monday, but the house for the first time this session adjourned to today, with poor prospects of a quorum. The senate ordered to third reading the bill granting woman suffrage in certain township elections. Bills introduced: Appropriating $25,000 for a home for indigent mothers, widows, and daughters of deceased soldiers; authorizing cities and towns to tax "foreign" fire insurance companies for the benefit of the local fire department. In the house a bill was introduced to require the Illinois Central railway to sell 150,000 acres of land in southern Illinois. It is part of the state grant to the road. Another bill is for local option in towns and cities of 100,000 or less population. The bill limiting the time for contesting wills to two years passed.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 12.—The senate, after a brief session with few members present, adjourned until tomorrow, today being Lincoln's birthday. Green introduced a bill to put under the supervision of the railroad and warehouse commission that part of the St. Louis bridge situated in Illinois, the object being to prevent extortion and unjust discrimination in rates complained of by numerous shippers. In the house about a dozen members were present. Adjourned until tomorrow without transacting any business.

Medal of Honor.

WATSEKA, Ills., Feb. 11.—John S. Darrough, a prominent citizen of this city, late sergeant of Company F, One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois volunteers, has received from the secretary of war, by order of congress, a medal of honor inscribed as follows: "Presented to John S. Darrough, late sergeant Company F, One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois Volunteers, for distinguished gallantry in rescuing Captain A. W. Beckett at Eastport, Miss., Oct. 10, 1864." The medal is of bronze.

Mrs. Kahn To Be Hanged.

BELLEVILLE, Ills., Feb. 11.—The jury in the case of Annie Kahn, who killed her husband, a farmer, with the help of George Centrell, has rendered a verdict finding her guilty of murder in the first degree and fixing the penalty as death. Her paramour, Centrell, suffered death on the scaffold some weeks ago for the murder, which was a peculiarly cold-blooded affair.

Lowest for Sixteen Years.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 9.—The lowest temperature was registered yesterday by the government thermometer since 1879, with the exception of Jan. 5, 1884, when it registered 22 degrees below zero. Yesterday it registered a minimum of 20.4 degrees below. The maximum was zero.

Favor the Arbitration Bill.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 12.—W. G. Edens, of Galesburg, and others representing the legislative boards of the various railway labor organizations, are in the city for the purpose of urging the legislature to memorialize congress in favor of the national arbitration bill now before it.

Costly Fire at Rockford.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Feb. 11.—Syndicate block on Seventh street, one of the largest in the city, was totally destroyed by fire. It was three stories high, with seven stores in it, and forty people lived on the second and third floors. The loss will reach $50,000; insurance, half.

To Call a Special Election.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 8.—The governor has issued a writ directing County Clerk Knopf of Cook county to call a special election to fill the vacancy on the circuit bench caused by the resignation of Judge S. B. McConnell.

Notes of the State.

Silas White was found hanging from the limb of a tree at Urbana, Ills. He was an old soldier and afflicted with ill-health, which probably led him to suicide.

The committee appointed by Governor Altgeld to locate the position of the Illinois troops in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain has submitted the report, which fixes the positions of ninety-two Illinois regiments on these fields and recommends appropriations for ninety-two granite monuments and 100 marking slabs.

Charles Funderbuck, a deaf mute employed in the carshops at Mount Vernon, Ills., was struck by a locomotive and sustained injuries from which he died in a few hours.

Robert Robson of Chicago was stopped on the street by a stranger, who, after biting off part of his nose, said he had made a mistake in the individual.

A warrant has been issued for Rev. E. J. Hunter, who is alleged to have become engaged to a Hillsboro, Ills., girl, though already married.

A committee of the Municipal Reform club of Decatur, Ills., will name candidates for city offices.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.

Robert Craig & Co., dealers in seeds and agricultural implements at Memphis, made a partial assignment. Their assets are estimated at $100,000 and liabilities $65,000, of which about $14,000 is preferred.

The Bodman leaf tobacco warehouse at Cincinnati was burned. It was full of valuable leaf tobacco in hogsheads, all of which was destroyed. The loss on stock is estimated at $240,000, and on the building $60,000.

Frank Selmer, the common law husband of Lillie Hobart, of Kansas City, is mysteriously missing, and so is $1,440 in gold belonging to his wife.

Frederick Miller and his son of 6 years of age were burned to death and John Patterson perhaps fatally hurt at a fire on Second avenue, Pittsburg. Others were saved by jumping into blankets held by people in the street.

Siberian newspapers announce the discovery of rich and extensive gold fields along the upper reaches of the rivers Neva, Nina, and Uibat, in the province of Veniseisk, East Siberia.

Thursday, Feb. 7.

The pope disapproves of Roman Catholic priests riding bicycles.

The rapid transit commissioners at New York voted unanimously to go ahead with as much of the underground road as the $50,000,000 to which the law now limits them will build.

It cost $77,300 to remove snow from New York streets between Jan. 15 and Feb. 4.

Max J. Franklin & Co., wholesale jewelers at San Francisco, have been closed by the sheriff.

Seven hundred Cuban cigar makers at New York have struck because the manufacturers proposed to reduce wages from $18 to $14 a thousand.

On account of charges that $350,000 has been paid to secure the passage of the Mutual telephone bill through the Philadelphia city council, a committee of investigation has been appointed to look into the matter.

Because he will not countenance dealings in "privileges" W. T. Baker has resigned the presidency of the Chicago Board of Trade.

Friday, Feb. 8.

Timothy M. Healy, leader of the section of the Irish parliamentary party now known as the Healyites, has resigned his membership of the new parliamentary committee of the Irish parliamentary party.

A joint resolution has passed both houses of the Oregon legislature for a constitutional amendment extending the elective franchise to women.

James W. McNally, the "Green Goods King," is a bankrupt, and his beautiful property at Fairfield, Conn., has been turned over to creditors.

At Antwerp the thermometer registered 15 degrees below zero, centigrade, the lowest point recorded for twenty years.

The freeze-up at Baltimore has caused an oyster famine and prices have gone up 20 to 30 cents a bushel in two days. Efforts are being made to release the oyster vessels that are now wedged in the ice.

Howell Osborn, the profligate son of wealthy parents and the reputed husband of Fay Templeton, died at New York, aged 36.

Saturday, Feb. 9.

William Bridges, one of the largest dealers in general merchandise at Malden, Mo., has failed. Liabilities estimated at $30,000 and assets $15,000.

Brigadier General Ruger has been nominated major general by the president to fill the vacancy caused by General Schofield becoming a lieutenant general.

Snow has fallen at Tampa, Fla., and vicinity, the temperature going to 24 above. Many orange trees were killed.

The Chicago mayoralty contest has been practically thrown out of court, Judge Carter deciding that he could not review the action of his predecessor in office.

The reason that W. T. Baker recalled his resignation of the presidency of the Chicago Board of Trade is said to be that "puts and calls" have been prohibited.

Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, in vetoing the action of the aldermen in forfeiting the franchises of the street railways, said such action would have no effect except for mischief. The strikers are amazed at the mayor.

The ice blockade at Grand Haven, Mich., has been broken, the Wisconsin leaving for Milwaukee for the first time in twenty days.

Monday, Feb. 11.

In the event of the Episcopal church deciding for an archepiscopacy in the United States the leading men for the archbishopric are Potter, of New York, and Paret, of Maryland.

A carload of pig tin, amounting to 322 bars, passed through San Antonio, Tex., consigned to New York. It was shipped from mines near Durango, Mex. It is said to be the second shipment of tin ore ever mined on the American continent.

There is much talk at New York of a proposition that will be urged at the next session of the M. E. general conference to expunge the rules against dancing and theatre-going.

As a contrast to the weather in this part of the footstool it is stated that rosebuds are swelling at Tacoma, Wash.

Nineteen Moqui Indians sentenced to the military prison on Alcatraz island, because of trouble in Arizona, were shown about San Francisco as a lesson in civilization. Mayor Sutro entertained them at dinner.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain in and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

COPYRIGHT 1894 BY THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

CHAPTER II.

Instead of going home, Chester kept on across the plateau and took a long walk on the northern side of the reservation, where the quartermaster's stables and corrals were placed. He was affected by a strange unrest. His talk with Rollins had aroused the memories of years long gone by, of days when he, too, was young and full of hope and faith—aye, full of love—all lavished on one fair girl who knew it well, but gently, almost entreatingly, repelled him. Her heart was wrapped up in another, the Adonis of his day in the gay old seaboard garrison. She was a soldier's child, barrack born, simply taught, knowing little of the vice and temptations, the follies and the frauds, of the whirling life of civilization. A good and gentle mother had reared her and been called hence. Her father, an officer whose saber arm was left at Molino del Rey, and whose heart was crushed when the loving wife was taken from him, turned to the child who so resembled her and centered there all his remaining love and life. He welcomed Chester to his home and tacitly favored his suit, but in his blindness never saw how a few moonlit strolls on the old moss grown parapet, a few evening dances in the casemates with handsome, wooing, winning Will Forrester had done their work. She gave him all the wild, enthusiastic, worshiping love of her girlish heart just about the time Captain and Mrs. Maynard came back from leave, and then he grew cold and negligent there, but lived at Maynard's fireside, and one day there came a sensation—a tragedy—and Mrs. Maynard went away and died abroad, and a shocked and broken hearted girl hid her face from all and pined at home, and Mr. Forrester's resignation was sent from no one knew just where, and no one would have cared to know except Maynard. He would have followed him, pistol in hand, but Forrester gave him no chance. Years afterward Chester again sought her and offered her his love and his name. It was useless, she told him sadly. She lived only for her father now and would never leave him till he died, and then she prayed she might go too. Memories like this will come up at such times in these same "still watches of the night." Chester was in a moody frame of mind when about half an hour later he came back past the guardhouse. The sergeant was standing near the lighted entrance, and the captain called him:

"There's a ladder lying back of the colonel's quarters on the roadway. Some of those painters left it, I suppose. It's a wonder some of the reliefs have not broken their necks over it going around tonight. Let the next one pick it up and move it out of the way. Hasn't it been reported?"

"Not to me, sir. Corporal Schreiber has command of this relief, and he has said nothing about it. Here he is, sir."

"Didn't you see it or stumble over it when posting your relief, corporal?" asked Chester.

"No, indeed, sir. I—I think the captain must have been mistaken in thinking it a ladder. We would surely have struck it if it had been."

"No mistake at all, corporal. I lifted it. It is a long, heavy ladder, over 20 feet, I should say."

"There is such a ladder back here, captain," said the sergeant, "but it always hangs on the fence just behind the young officers' quarters — bachelors' row, sir, I mean."

"And that ladder was there an hour ago when I went my rounds," said the corporal earnestly. "I had my hurricane lamp, sir, and saw it on the fence plainly. And there was nothing behind the colonel's at that hour."

Chester turned away, thoughtful and silent. Without a word he walked straight into the quadrangle, past the low line of stone buildings, the offices of the adjutant and quartermaster, the home of the sergeant major, the club and billiard room, past the long piazza shaded row of bachelor quarters and came upon the plank walk at the corner of the colonel's fence Ten more steps, and he stood stockstill at the head of the flight of wooden stairs.

There, dimly visible against the southern sky, its base on the plank walk below him, its top resting upon the eaves midway between the dormer window and the roof of the piazza, so that one could step easily from it into the one or onto the other, was the very ladder that half an hour before was lying on the ground behind the house.

His heart stood still. He seemed powerless to move, even to think. Then a slight noise roused him, and with every nerve tingling he crouched ready for a spring. With quick, agile movements, noiseless as a cat, sinuous and stealthy as a serpent, the dark figure of a man issued from Alice Renwick's chamber window and came gliding down.

One second more, and almost as noiselessly he reached the ground, then quickly turned and raised the ladder, stepped with it to the edge of the roadway and peered around the angle as though to see that no sentry was in sight, then vanished with his burden around the corner. Another second, and down the steps went Chester, three at a bound, tiptoeing it in pursuit. Ten seconds brought him close to the culprit—a tall, slender shadow.

"You villain! Halt!"

Down went the ladder on the dusty road. The hand that Chester had clinched upon the broad shoulder was hurled aside. There was a sudden whirl, a lightning blow that took the captain full in the chest and staggered him back

A lightning blow took the captain full in the chest.

upon the treacherous and entangling rungs, and ere he could recover himself the noiseless stranger had fairly whizzed into space and vanished in the darkness up the road. Chester sprang in pursuit. He heard the startled challenge of the sentry and then Leary's excited "Halt, I say! Halt!" and then he shouted:

"Fire on him, Leary! Bring him down!"

Bang! went the ready rifle with sharp, sullen roar that woke the echoes across the valley. Bang! again as Leary sent a second shot after the first. Then as the captain came panting to the spot they followed up the road. No sign of the runner. Attracted by the shots, the sergeant of the guard and one or two men, lantern bearing, came running to the scene. Excitedly they searched up and down the road in mingled hope and dread of finding the body of the marauder or some clew or trace. Nothing! Whoever he was, the fleet runner had vanished and made good his escape.

"Who could it have been, sir?" asked the sergeant of the officer of the day. "Surely none of the men ever come round this way."

"I don't know, sergeant; I don't know. Just take your lamp and see if there is anything visible down there among the rocks. He may have been hit and leaped the wall. Do you think you hit him, Leary?"

"I can't say, sor. He came by me like a flash. I had just a second's look at him, an—sure I niver saw such runnin!"

"Could you see his face?" asked Chester in a low tone as the other men moved away to search the rocks.

"Not his face, sor. 'Twas too dark."

"Was there—did he look like anybody you knew or had seen—anybody in the command?"

"Well, sor, not among the men—that is, there's none so tall an slim both an so light. Sure he must 'a' worn gums, sor. You couldn't hear the whisper of a footfall."

"But whom did he seem to resemble?"

"Well, if the captain will forgive me, sor, it's unwillin I am to say the worrd, but there's no one that tall an light an slim here, sor, but Loot'nant Jerrold. Sure it couldn't be him, sor."

"Leary, will you promise me something on your word as a man?"

"I will, sor."

"Say not one word of this matter to any one except I tell you or you have to before a court."

"I promise, sor."

"And I believe you. Tell the sergeant I will soon be back."

With that he turned and walked down the road until once more he came to the plank crossing and the passageway between the colonel's and bachelors' row Here again he stopped short and waited with bated breath and scarcely beating heart. The faint light he had seen before again illumined the room and cast its gleam upon the old gray wall. Even as he gazed there came silently to the window a tall, white robed form, and a slender white hand seized and lowered the shade noiselessly. Then, as before, the light faded away, but—she was awake.

Waiting one moment in silence, Captain Chester then sprang up the wooden steps and passed under the piazza which ran the length of the bachelor quarters. Half way down the row he turned sharply to his left, opened the green painted door and stood in a little dark hallway. Taking his matchbox from his pocket, he struck a light, and by its glare quickly read the card upon the first doorway to his right, "Mr. Howard F. Jerrold, ——th Infantry, U. S. A."

Opening this door, he bolted straight through the little parlor to the bedroom in the rear. A dim light was burning on the mantel. The bed was unruffled, untouched, and Mr. Jerrold was not there.

Five minutes afterward Captain Chester, all alone, had laboriously and cautiously dragged the ladder from the side to the rear of the colonel's house, stretched it in the roadway where he had first stumbled upon it, then returned to the searching party on No. 5.

"Send two men to put that ladder back," he ordered. "It is where I told you—on the road behind the colonel's."

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Maynard came to Sibley in May and the officers with their wives were making their welcoming call she had with motherly pride and pleasure yielded to their constant importunities and shown to one party after another an album of photographs—likenesses of her only daughter. There were little cartes de visite representing her in long dresses and baby caps; quaint little pictures of a chubby faced, chubby legged infant a few months older; charming studies of a little girl with great black eyes and delicate features; then of a tall, slender slip of a maiden, decidedly foreign looking; then of a sweet and pensive face, with great dark eyes, long, beautiful curling lashes and very heavy, low arched brows, exquisitely molded mouth and chin and most luxuriant dark hair; then others, still older, in every variety of dress, even in fancy costume, such as the girl had worn at fair or masquerade.

These and others still had Mrs. Maynard shown them, with repressed pride and pleasure, and with sweet acknowledgment of their enthusiastic praises. Alice still tarried in the east, visiting relatives whom she had not seen since her father's death three years earlier, and long before she came to join her mother at Sibley and to enter upon the life she so eagerly looked forward to—"'way out in the west, you know, with officers and soldiers and the band and buffalo and Indians all around you"—there was not an officer or an officer's wife who had not delightedly examined that album. There was still another picture, but that one had been shown to only a chosen few just one week after her daughter's arrival, and rather an absurd scene had occurred, in which that most estimable officer, Lieutenant Sloat, had figured as the hero. A more simple minded, well intentioned fellow than Sloat there did not live. He was so full of kindness and good nature and readiness to do anything for anybody that it never seemed to occur to him that everybody on earth was not just as ready to be equally accommodating. He was a perpetual source of delight to the colonel and one of the most loyal and devoted of subalterns, despite the fact that his locks were long silvered with the frosts of years and that he had fought through the war of the rebellion and risen to the rank of a field officer in Maynard's old brigade. The most temperate of men ordinarily, the colonel had one anniversary he loved to celebrate, and Sloat was his standby when the 3d of July came round, just as he had been at his shoulder at that supreme moment when, heedless of the fearful sweep of shell and canister through their shattered ranks, Pickett's heroic Virginians breasted the slope of Cemetery Hill and surged over the low stone wall into Cushing's guns. Hard, stubborn fighting had Maynard's men to do that day, and for serene courage and determination no man had beaten Sloat.

Both officers had bullet hole mementos to carry from that field, both had won their brevets for conspicuous gallantry, and Sloat was a happy and grateful man when, years afterward, his old commander secured him a lieutenancy in the regular service. He was the colonel's henchman, although he never had brains enough to win a place on the regimental staff, and when Mrs. Maynard came he overwhelmed her with cumbrous compliments and incessant calls. He was, to his confident belief, her chosen and accepted knight for full two days after her arrival. Then Jerrold came back from a brief absence, and as in duty bound went to pay his respects to his colonel's wife, and that night there had been a singular scene. Mrs. Maynard had stopped suddenly in her laughing chat with two ladies, had started from her seat, wildly staring at the tall, slender subaltern who entered the gateway, and then fell back in her chair, fairly swooning as he made his bow.

Sloat had rushed into the house to call the colonel and get some water, while Jerrold stood paralyzed at so strange a reception of his first call. Mrs. Maynard revived presently, explained that it was her heart, or the heat, or something, and the ladies on their way home decided that it was possibly the heart, it was certainly not the heat, it was unquestionably something, and that something was Jerrold, for she never took her eyes off him during the entire evening and seemed unable to shake off the fascination. Next day Jerrold dined there, and from that time on he was a daily visitor. Every one noted Mrs. Maynard's strong interest in him, but no one could account for it. She was old enough to be his mother, said the garrison, but not until Alice Renwick came did another consideration appear. He was singularly like the daughter. Both were tall, lithe, slender. Both had dark, lustrous eyes; dark, though almost perfect, skin, exquisitely chiseled features and slender, shapely hands and feet. Alice was "the picture of her father," said Mrs. Maynard, and Mr. Renwick had lived all his life in New York, while Mr. Jerrold was of an old southern family and his mother a Cuban beauty who was the toast of the New Orleans clubs not many years before the war.

Poor Sloat! He did not fancy Jerrold and was as jealous as so unselfish a mortal could be of the immediate ascendancy the young fellow established in the colonel's household. It was bad enough before Alice joined them. After that it was well nigh unbearable. Then came the 3d of July dinner and the colonel's one annual jollification. No man ever heard of Sloat's being intoxicated. He rarely drank at all, but this evening the reminiscences of the day, the generous wine, the unaccustomed elegance of all his surroundings, due to Mrs. Maynard s taste and supervision, and the influence of Alice Renwick's exquisite beauty had fairly carried him away.

They were chatting in the parlor, while Miss Renwick was entertaining some young lady friends from town and listening to the band on the parade. Sloat was expatiating on her grace and beauty and going over the album for the twentieth time when the colonel, with a twinkling eye, remarked to Mrs. Maynard:

"I think you ought to show Major [By act of congress officers may be addressed by the title of the highest rank held by them in the volunteer service during the war. The colonel always punctiliously so addressed his friend and subordinate, although in the army his grade was simply that of first lieutenant] Sloat the 'directoire' picture, my dear."

"Alice would never forgive me," said madam, laughing, "though I consider it the most beautiful we have of her."

"Oh, where is it?" "Oh, do let us see it, Mrs. Maynard!" was the chorus of exclamations from the few ladies present. "Oh, I insist on seeing it, madam," was Sloat's characteristic contribution to the clamor.

"I want you to understand it," said Mrs. Maynard, pleased, but still hesitating. "We are very daft about Alice at home, you know, and it's quite a wonder she has not been utterly spoiled by her aunts and uncles, but this picture was a specialty. An artist friend of ours fairly made us have it taken in the wedding dress worn by her grandmother. You know the Josephine Beauharnais 'directoire' style that was worn in seventeen ninety something. Her neck and shoulders are lovely, and that was why we consented. I went, and so did the artist, and we posed her, and the photograph is simply of her face and neck, too, but when Alice saw it she blushed furiously and forbade my having them finished. Afterward, though, she yielded when her Aunt Kate and I begged so hard and promised that none should be given away, and so just half a dozen were finished. Indeed the dress is by no means as decollete as many girls wear theirs at dinner now in New York, but poor Alice was scandalized when she saw it last month, and she never would let me put one in the album."

"Oh, do go and get it, Mrs. Maynard!" pleaded the ladies. "Oh, please let me see it, Mrs. Maynard!" added Sloat, and at last the mother pride prevailed. Mrs. Maynard rustled up stairs and presently returned, holding in her hands a delicate silver frame in filigree work, a quaint, foreign affair, and inclosed therein was a cabinet photograph en vignette—the head, neck and shoulders of a beautiful girl, and the dainty, diminutive, what-there-was-of-it waist of the old fashioned gown, sashed almost immediately under the exquisite bust, revealed quite materially the cause of Alice Renwick's blushes. But a more beautiful portrait was never photographed. The women fairly gasped with delight and envy. Sloat could not restrain his impatience to get it in his own hands, and finally he grasped it and then eyed it in rapture. It was two minutes before he spoke a word, while the colonel sat laughing at his worshiping gaze. Mrs. Maynard somewhat uneasily stretched forth her hand, and the other ladies impatiently strove to regain possession.

"Come, Major Sloat, you've surely had it long enough. We want it again."

"Never!" said Sloat, with melodramatic intensity. "Never! This is my ideal of perfection of divinity in woman. I will bear it home with me, set it above my fireside and adore it day and night."

"Nonsense, Major Sloat!" said Mrs. Maynard, laughing, yet far from being at her ease. "Come, I must take it back. Alice may be in any minute now, and if she knew I had betrayed her she would never forgive me. Come, surrender!" And she strove to take it from him.

But Sloat was in one of his utterly asinine moods. He would have been perfectly willing to give any sum he possessed for so perfect a picture as this. He never dreamed that there were good and sufficient reasons why no man should have it. He so loved and honored his colonel that he was ready to lay down his life for any of his household. In laying claim to this picture he honestly believed that it was the highest proof he could give of his admiration and devotion. A tame surrender now meant that his protestations were empty words. "Therefore," argued Sloat, "I must stand firm."

"Madam," said he, "I'd die first." And with that he began backing to the door.

Alarmed now, Mrs. Maynard sprang after him, and the little major leaped upon a chair, his face aglow, jolly, rubicund, beaming with bliss and triumph. She looked up, almost wringing her hands, and turned half appealingly to the colonel, who was laughing heartily on the sofa, never dreaming Sloat could be in earnest.

"Here, I'll give you back the frame. I don't want that," said Sloat and began fumbling at the back of the photograph. This was too much for the ladies. They, too, rushed to the rescue. One of them sprang and shut the door; the other seized and violently shook the back of his chair, and Sloat leaped to the floor, still clinging to his prize and laughing as though he had never had so much entertainment in his life. The long Venetian windows opened upon the piazza, and toward the nearest one he retreated, holding aloft the precious gage and waving off the attacking party with the other hand. He was within a yard of the blinds when they were suddenly thrown open, a tall, slender form stepped quickly in, one hand seized the uplifted wrist,

One hand seized the uplifted wrist.

the other the picture, and in far less time than it takes to tell it Mr. Jerrold had wrenched it away and with quiet bow restored it to its rightful owner.

"Oh, I say now, Jerrold, that's downright unhandsome of you!" gasped Sloat. "I'd have been on my way home with it."

"Shut up, you fool!" was the sharp, hissing whisper. "Wait till I go home if you want to talk about it." And as quickly as he came Mr. Jerrold slipped out again upon the piazza.

Of course the story was told with varied comment all over the post. Several officers were injudicious enough to chaff the old subaltern about it, and—he was a little sore headed the next day anyway—the usually placid Sloat grew the more indignant at Jerrold. He decided to go and upbraid him, and, as ill luck would have it, they met before noon on the steps of the clubroom.

"I want to say to you, Mr. Jerrold, that from an officer of your age to one of mine I think your conduct last night a piece of impertinence."

"I had a perfect right to do what I did," replied Jerrold coolly. "You were taking a most unwarrantable liberty in trying to carry off that picture."

"How did you know what it was? You had never seen it!"

"There's where you are mistaken, Mr. Sloat" (and Jerrold purposely and exasperatingly refused to recognize the customary brevet). "I had seen it—frequently."

Two officers were standing by, and one of them turned sharply and faced Jerrold as he spoke. It was his former company commander. Jerrold noted the symptom and flushed, but set his teeth doggedly.

"Why, Mr. Jerrold! Mrs. Maynard said she never showed that to any one," said Sloat in much surprise. "You heard her, did you not, Captain Chester?"

"I did, certainly," was the reply.

"All the same, I repeat what I've said," was Jerrold's sullen answer. "I have seen it frequently, and, what's more"— He suddenly stopped.

"Well, what's more?" said Sloat suggestively.

"Never mind. I don't care to talk of the matter," replied Jerrold and started to walk away.

But Sloat was angry, nettled, jealous. He had meant to show his intense loyalty and admiration for everything that was his colonel's and had been snubbed and called a fool by an officer many years though not so many "files" his junior. He never had liked him, and now there was an air of conscious superiority about Jerrold that fairly exasperated him. He angrily followed and called to him to stop, but Jerrold walked on. Captain Chester stood still and watched them. The little man had almost to run before he overtook the tall one. They were out of earshot when he finally did so. There were a few words on both sides. Then Jerrold shifted his light cane into his left hand, and Chester started forward, half expecting a fracas. To his astonishment, the two officers shook hands and parted.

"Well," said he as Sloat came back, with an angry yet bewildered face, "I'm glad you shook hands. I almost feared a row and was just going to stop it. So he apologized, did he?"

"No, nothing like it."

"Then what did you mean by shaking hands?"

"That's nothing—never you mind," said Sloat confusedly. "I haven't forgiven him, by a good deal. The man's conceit is enough to disgust anything—but a woman, I suppose," he finished ruefully.

"Well, it's none of my business, Sloat, but pardon my saying I don't see what there was to bring about the apparent reconciliation. That handshake meant something."

"Oh, well—d—n it! We had some words, and he—or I—well, there's a bet, and we shook hands on it."

"Seems to me that's pretty serious business, Sloat—a bet following such a talk as you two have had. I hope"——

"Well, captain," interrupted Sloat, "I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been mad as blazes, but I made it and must stick to it. That's all."

"You wouldn't mind telling me what it was, I suppose?"

"I can't, and that ends it."

Captain Chester found food for much thought and speculation over this incident. So far as he was concerned, the abrupt remark of Sloat by no means ended it. In his distrust of Jerrold he, too, had taken alarm at the very substantial intimacy to which that young man was welcomed at the colonel's quarters. Prior to his marriage old Maynard had not liked him at all, but it was mainly because he had been so negligent of his duties and so determined a beau in city society after his arrival at Sibley. He had indeed threatened to have him transferred to a company still on frontier service if he did not reform, but then the rifle practice season began, and Jerrold was a capital shot and sure to be on the list of competitors for the department team, so what was the use? He would be ordered in for the rifle camp anyway, and so the colonel decided to keep him at headquarters. This was in the summer of the year gone by. Then came the colonel's long leave, his visit to Europe, his meeting with his old friend, now the widow of the lamented Renwick; their delightful winter together in Italy, his courtship, her consent, their marriage and return to America. When Maynard came back to Sibley and the old regiment, he was so jolly and content that every man was welcomed at his house, and it was really a source of pride and pleasure to him that his accomplished wife should find any of his young officers so thoroughly agreeable as she pronounced Mr. Jerrold. Others were soldierly, courteous, well bred, but he had the air of a foreign court about him, she privately informed her lord, and it seems indeed that in days gone by Mr. Jerrold's father had spent many years in France and Spain, once as his country's representative near the throne. Though the father died long before the boy was out of his knickerbockers, he had left the impress of his grand manner, and Jerrold, to women of any age, was at once a courtier and a knight. But the colonel never saw how her eyes followed the tall young officer time and again. There were women who soon noted it, and one of them said it was such a yearning, longing look.

Was Mrs. Maynard really happy? they asked each other. Did she really want to see Alice mate with him, the handsome, the dangerous, the selfish fellow they knew him to be? If not, could anything be more imprudent than that they should be thrown together as they were being, day after day? Had Alice wealth of her own? If not, did the mother know that nothing would tempt Howard Jerrold into an alliance with a dowerless daughter? These and many more were questions that came up every day. The garrison could talk of little else, and Alice Renwick had been there just three weeks and was the acknowledged queen of hearts at Sibley when the rifle competitions began again, and a great array of officers and men from all over the northwest came to the post by every train, and their canvas tents dotted the broad prairie to the north.

One lovely evening in August, just before the practice began, Colonel Maynard took his wife to drive out and see the camp. Mr. Jerrold and Alice Renwick followed on horseback. The carriage was surrounded as it halted near the range, and half a score of officers, old and young, were chatting with Mrs. Maynard, while others gathered about the lovely girl who sat there in the saddle. There came marching up from the railway a small squad of soldiers, competitors arriving from the far west. Among them—apparently their senior noncommissioned officer—was a tall cavalry sergeant, superbly built, and with a bronzed and bearded and swarthy face that seemed to tell of years of campaigning over mountain and prairie. They were all men of perfect physique, all in the neat, soldierly fatigue dress of the regular service, some wearing the spotless white stripes of the infantry, others the less artistic and equally destructible yellow of the cavalry. Their swinging stride, erect carriage and clear and handsome eyes all spoke of the perfection of health and soldierly development. Curious glances were turned to them as they advanced, and Miss Renwick, catching sight of the party, exclaimed:

"Oh, who are these? And what a tall soldier that sergeant is!"

"That sergeant, Miss Renwick," said a slow, deliberate voice, "is the man I believe will knock Mr. Jerrold out of the first prize. That is Sergeant McLeod."

As though he heard his name pronounced, the tall cavalryman glanced for the first time at the group, brought his rifle to the carry, as if about to salute and was just stepping upon the roadside, where he came in full view of the occupants of the carriage, when a sudden pallor shot across his face, and he plunged heavily forward and went down like a shot. Sympathetic officers and comrades surrounded the prostrate form in an instant. The colonel himself sprang from his carriage and joined the group, a blanket was quickly brought from a neighboring tent, and the sergeant was borne thither and laid upon a cot. A surgeon felt his pulse and looked inquiringly around:

"Any of you cavalrymen know him well? Has he been affected this way before?"

A young corporal who had been bending anxiously over the sergeant straightened up and saluted:

"I know him well, sir, and have been with him five years. He's only had one sick spell in all that time—'twas just like this—and then he told me he'd been sunstruck once."

"This is no case of sunstroke," said the doctor. "It looks more like the heart. How long ago was the attack you speak of?"

"Three years ago last April, sir. I remember it, because we'd just got into Fort Raines after a long scout. He'd been the solidest man in the troop all through the cold and storm and snow we had in the mountains, and we were in the reading room, and he'd picked up a newspaper and was reading while the rest of us were talking and laughing, and, first thing we knew, he was down on the floor, just like he was tonight."

"Hm!" said the surgeon. "Yes; that's plenty, steward. Give him that. Raise his head a little, corporal. Now he'll come round all right."

Driving home that night, Colonel Maynard musingly remarked:

"Did you see that splendid fellow who fainted away?"

"No," answered his wife; "you all gathered about him so quickly and carried him away. I could not even catch a glimpse of him. But he had recovered, had he not?"

"Yes. Still I was thinking what a singular fact it is that occasionally a man slips through the surgeon's examinations with such a malady as this. Now, here is one of the finest athletes and shots in the whole army, a man who has been through some hard service and stirring fights, has won a tiptop name for himself and was on the high road to a commission, and yet this will block him effectually."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"Some affection of the heart. Why! Hello! Stop, driver! Orderly, jump down and run back there. Mrs. Maynard has dropped her fan. What was it, dear?" he asked anxiously. "You started, and you are white and trembling."

"I—I don't know, colonel. Let us go home. It will be over in a minute. Where are Alice and Mr. Jerrold? Call them, please. She must not be out riding after dark."

But they were not in sight, and it was considerably after dark when they reached the fort. Mr. Jerrold explained that his horse had picked up a stone and he had had to walk him all the way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hurting a Text at the Cook.

"Mary Jane," said the rector solemnly, "the steak is cooked to a crisp, and the potatoes are raw. You have left undone the things that ought to be done and cooked too done the things that ought not to be done."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Foundling."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Dragoon's Daughter."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—James A. Hearne—"Shore Acres."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Lillian Russell.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Texas Steer."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Hallen and Hart.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE "MORAL FORCE" FACTIONISTS.

Says a cable dispatch of Saturday, "The sessional meeting of the Irish party under Justin McCarthy's leadership produced the inevitable crop of rumors of acute dissension. The *World* correspondent is enabled to give the real situation. Hitherto in the balloting for the committee of eight, which manages affairs for the party, Messrs. Dillon, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor, and other leaders of the majority, induced their friends to vote for Mr. Healy, whereas Mr. Healy's friends only voted the Healy ticket. The result was that Mr. Healy always headed the poll. But since his recent open attempt to provoke a revolt the majority seemingly has determined to fight him with his own weapons. At Tuesday's election the majority did not vote for Mr. Healy, who, consequently, was at the bottom of the list. T. D. Sullivan, whom the majority elected to please Mr. Healy when Arthur O'Connor was rejected, was replaced by another majority man, T. J. Condon, member of parliament for the Clonmel division of Tipperary. Mr. Healy, in his anger, declared that he would not serve on the committee, but he has no intention of retiring from parliament or from the party. At a subsequent meeting of the party he opposed the issuing of an appeal to the Irish people for money, but only got eleven supporters, showing that he is steadily losing ground in the party."

The correspondent of a daily paper suggests that if these rows continue in the Irish party, it will soon have to change its title to that of the "Donnybrook Club."

Oh fight is the soul of a Tim Healy man—
He fights all that's fighty—fights all that he can
With the tongue of Tim Healy and Satan's own spleen.
His heart is as hard as the nether millstone
His mouth is as big as the gun of Athlone;
He is cruel alike to his friends and his foes
And he snaps, like a turtle, as onward he goes,
With the gall of Tim Healy and fire of poteen.
Who has e'er had the luck to see Downing street fair,
With a "line" from Tim Healy or Justin so green?
The place-hunter all in his hunger is there
To barter old Ireland and butter the Queen:
He goes to the Whigs and he asks for a berth—
He's made a tide waiter, and then wants the earth.
He blarneys old Harcourt and Asquith the bold
And lines his bare pockets with fine "British gold"
The ravenous "haythen" and graceless spalpeen.
Reluctant, at recess, as homeward he goes
His stomach well nurtured and "nobby" his clothes,
From a landlord complacent and tailor serene:
He meets with Tim Healy, who, heaving an oath,
Cries, Go to the devil, for to meet you I'm loath
With your face like a lobster aboard a tureen—
I'm tired of your begging, I'm tired of you all—
From the blue waves of Bantry to dark Donegal,
May the Old Boy admire you and all of your kind,
And when you sink h—ward I'll linger behind,
To keep up the racket in Erin so green.

The antics of the "Irish party" amuse the whole world, except the Irish portion thereof, at the present time. It has become so powerless for good that all level-headed Irishmen regard it with pity, not unmingled with contempt.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

Every effort is being put forth to make the 117th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet at the Auditorium on the evening of March 4 a grand success, and there is now no doubt that the exertions of those having the matter in hand will be amply rewarded. The general committee in charge of the celebration met last Sunday at No. 56 State street, and the committee on talent reported that they had secured Madame Inez Carusi to sing in Irish. The reports of all the other committees showed that those in charge of the work were not idle. From what could be gathered from those present, and the enthusiasm evidenced, there is little doubt that the "Standing room only" sign will now be brought into requisition. Delegations from East St. Louis, Springfield, Bloomington, Joliet, Ottawa and other places are making arrangements to attend. Mr. Edmund O'Connell is in charge of the Bloomington delegation, and Mr. James Furlong will pilot the Springfield contingent to the Auditorium.

MRS. WALES DISCIPLINES HER HUSBAND.

The name of the beautiful Countess of Warwick has been frequently mentioned in the English papers in connection with a member of the royal family, so-called. She is not, on that account, a favorite with the Princess of Wales, who of late years, seems to have grown rather jealous of her husband's attentions to younger, if not handsomer, women. Therefore, it is not wonderful to learn, by cable, that society in England is all agossip about the recent brilliant fancy ball given at Warwick Castle—one of the most princely residences in England. The Countess of Warwick intended that this ball should be a historic event, taking rank with the famous Eglinton tournament. She had counted on the presence of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and the Duchess of York, but it was intimated at the last moment that these royalties could not accept the invitations. "It now leaks out that the Princess of Wales strongly disapproved of the Prince or Duke or Duchess going to Warwick Castle, ostensibly because mourning for the Czar. The Prince at the outset insisted on attending, but finally the Princess intimated that she would indefinitely prolong her stay abroad if he carried out his intentions. As a matter of fact she did not return until he had declined the invitation. The result was that the ball, though gorgeous and picturesque, lacked the eclat which royalty would have given it, and failed to create the sensation intended."

It is pleasant to find that there is one woman in England who can keep Wales under subjection and that woman is his long enduring wife. But Wales is growing rapidly old. He's had his day, and is now more or less in terror of domestic frigidity. Mrs. Wales ought to have begun operating the apron-string on him thirty years ago.

ENGLISH RADICALS DISGUSTED.

There appears to be general disgust among the English Radicals at Lord Rosebery's cowardly attitude regarding the limitation of the powers of the house of lords, as manifested in what he did *not* say in the alleged speech of the Queen at the opening of parliament. The English Radicals are unreasonable to think, for a moment, that an aristocrat, like Rosebery, is going to fall out with his own order on their account. He has no desire to expose himself to social ostracism, which would be the sure result of any openly expressed hostility to England's "upper house." Lord Rosebery is a very canny individual, and wishes to conciliate all classes by refraining from aggressive measures of reform. In fact he is a mediocre politician, and looks all the more so by his contrast with Gladstone, who was, at least, a masterful manipulator of men. Beside Gladstone, the Scottish Earl is a political luminary of the sixth magnitude. That he has gone too far in his timid policy is evidenced by the reports from London, which say that "Lord Rosebery ends the week as badly as he began. In and out of parliament he has had to listen to some very plain words. He has been called a trimmer, a trickster and a political poltroon. These epithets have come from the mouths of his enemies, it is true, but equally bitter words have sprung to the lips of whilom friends. The latter say that he is trifling with grave questions, that he has not the stamina to carry out the mandates of his party, that he is juggling with figures of speech when he ought at least to be getting ready for sturdy action.

"All the hubbub arises from the premier's policy in regard to the house of lords. While he told the country in his Cardiff speech that he would not meddle with that momentous question for the present a certain section of his following thought he would have courage enough to foreshadow the issue in the Queen's speech. It was known that absence of allusion thereto would not prevent attacks on the government. Both Balfour and Salisbury had served notice of their intention to force the fighting on this question from the very opening of the session. Why, then, should Rosebery, who admits that he must finally appeal to the country on this subject, be afraid to put a line or two concerning it in the speech from the throne? Not that the speech itself amounts to much. It is rarely anything but the barest skeleton of ministerial aims, and there is never any great disturbance in the event of its hints falling short of the verbal promise. But measures were mentioned therein which it will be impossible to enact until the lords question is disposed of one way or the other, and to ignore that question entirely strengthens the ugly statement that Rosebery has never been in earnest in his threats against the gilded dungeon in which the accident of birth compels him to spend his legislative hours."

EDWARD S. QUINN DEAD.

Another young Irish-American journalist has been called to his rest in a manner similar to the late lamented James Sullivan of the Chicago *Tribune*. On Feb. 7, at the rooms of the Press Club in Washington, D. C., Mr. Edward S. Quinn suddenly expired. Mr. Quinn was one of the ablest newspaper men in the city of Milwaukee, and his sudden demise will be sincerely lamented not only by newspaper men and citizens of Milwaukee, but also by a host of friends in this city. He was a man of brilliant talents, indomitable pluck and great perseverance. These, united to a genial and sunny disposition, made for him a host of admirers and friends. He was a little inclined to be reserved with strangers, but he was an enjoyable companion with his close associates, and once his friendship was secured there was no service too great for him to perform.

For the last two years Mr. Quinn had been acting as secretary to Congressman Peter Somers of Milwaukee, and as correspondent for one of the Milwaukee papers. Although fond of social gatherings with friends, he was much attached to his home and devoted to his mother and sisters, who live in this city, and to whom his death has been a terrible blow.

CRAZY COCKNEYS.

The London cockneys must be pretty hot in their hides, if we are to believe the following dispatch from the modern Babylon:

"LONDON, Feb. 9.—The cold weather continues. The Braemer observatory instruments registered 12° below zero yesterday. In spite of the cold weather there are large numbers of bathers daily in the Serpentine, a sheet of artificial water in Hyde Park, this city. The ice is broken for them every morning and they indulge in their usual swim before breakfast."

If those fools wern't English, we would call on the Humane Society to interfere in their behalf. As they are English, a little cooling off will do them good.

IRISH MUSIC.

An important movement has been inaugurated in Ireland recently by a number of music-lovers. Although for centuries the Welsh people have made a practice of holding great gatherings every year, for the purpose of developing a taste for the art of music and popularizing the native songs, the Irish have yet to make such a custom national. For centuries our people have had an excellent excuse for the lack of artistic development, but at the present day naught but a species of apathy lies in the way.

That Irishmen and Irishwomen are capable of rising to the highest pinnacle of artistic excellence in music, the names of many noted musicians will demonstrate. The two greatest composers of romantic opera for the English-speaking stage were Michael Balfe and William Vincent Wallace; the "Bohemian Girl" of the former and "Maritana" from the pen of the latter are today the greatest money-earners in the repertoire of English grand opera companies. Michael Kelly, in the days of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wrote the favorite English operas, and his songs are still popular. One of his melodies will live as long as English ballads are popular and made the fame of Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." Andrew Cherry, another Celt, has been immortalized in the "Bay of Biscay," one of the greatest sea-songs in the repertoire of English tenors. He was an ardent lover of his native land and his "Dear Little Shamrock" is still widely known. Shields, the composer of "The Wolf;" Rooke, whose operas were popular for a time and then passed away, his name sharing the same fate; and Barnet whose opera "The Mountain Sylph" is still given with success in England by the opera companies, were Dublin men.

Field, the inventor of the Nocturne; Charles Villiers Stanford, who is today one of the foremost musical composers of Great Britain, and who made the beautiful settings for the Irish songs of Alfred Perceval Graves, were both born in Ireland. The composer of "The Mikado" and "Pinafore," Sir Arthur Sullivan, is an Irishman's son, and without a doubt is indebted to his Hibernian blood for his wonderful musical humor. A title, however, has made him an Anglo-maniac, and his rich humor has deteriorated into platitudes of the poorest quality. None of his late operas have been successful and the mine of genuine fun which promised so much in the beginning has been exhausted. So much for Anglo-phobia.

Irish singers have also risen to high honors in opera and oratorio work. The lamented Catherine Hayes was among the great singers of her day, and what an epoch was that! Around her were clustered Giulia Grisi, Mario, Tambourini, Lablache, the latter's mother was Irish, and Malibran; and a host of celebrities which made that the most glorious period in the history of grand opera. In later years we have had Foli; Brocolini, whose name was Clarke and first saw daylight in rebel Cork; William Ludwig, Barton MacGuckin, Georgiana Burns, Tom Karl, originally Carroll, and others too numerous to mention.

In ancient times, so the writers inform us, Ireland was the fountain head of music in Europe. Galileo, the father of the celebrated astromomer, wrote that Italy obtained the harp from Ireland, where the inhabitants, in great numbers, performed with wonderful skill upon the instrument. We are told by Caradoc, the Welsh monk and earliest of Welsh chroniclers, that Gryffuth ap Conan, prince of North Wales, held a great musical convention at his court and the Welsh songs were written down by a number of Irish harpers, brought over from Ireland for that purpose. These harpers remained in the service of the welsh prince and carried of the prizes at all the musical assemblages. The eistedfod or musical convention has done much to preserve a national spirit among the Welsh. Songs, written in the vernacular receive the highest attention, and compositions of Welsh musicians are performed, adjudged and awarded prizes if found worthy.

Some such movement is now very much in order among the Irish. Our national melodies, among the most beautiful in the world are shamefully neglected in Irish gatherings, and in their stead many pseudo-Irish songs, mainly the productions of London music hall singers find their way on the programmes of gatherings, often held in celebration of national events. Let us have the Irish feis-ceoil by all means. Let the Irish musicians and singers be gathered into a grand convention, and prizes offered for merit. There are plenty of old melodies for choruses to begin with, and we have many men capable of writing new ones. With the rhythm of Irish music ringing through the island let us hear the tongue of the Gael, the glorious speech of Red Hugh O'Donnell, Art MacMurrough and Shane the Proud, the accents that fired the hearts of millions in ages gone by and will yet awaken a new spirit of nationality among the children of the Gael.

IRISH-AMERICANS WELL HOUSED.

According to United States government statistics, as given by the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* in Monday's issue of that paper, and which were compiled by the bureau of statistics, the percentage of people owning their homes is as follows: Natives of the United States, 23.41; Austria-Hungary, 21.93; Canada and Newfoundland (French), 13.87; Canada and Newfoundland (English), 19.77; England and Wales, 23.49; France, 24.09; Germany, 31.85; Ireland, 24.49; Italy, 6.27; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 24.60; Russia and Poland, 14.87; Scotland, 24.19; other countries, 25.48. These figures are taken from fifty-eight American cities having a population of 50,000 and upwards. It will be seen that the Irish, who have been stigmatized by their enemies as thriftless, and who, for the most part came to this country under depressing conditions, are ahead of the native Americans, Canadians, English and Welsh, Scotch and French. They are exceeded only by the Germans and Scandinavians, and, dividing the latter by their proper nationalities, they are only behind the Germans. This is cheering information.

THE ANGLO-MANIAC IN POLITICS.

[*Contributed.*]

People with bilious views concerning national, state, and civic government on the United States side of the Atlantic are, as a general thing, apt to view with a jaundiced eye American rule when contrasted with the manner in which things are done in the land of John Bull. To be sure these individuals are, if not belonging to the famous "400," at least in close alliance therewith. Everything that comes stamped with the approval of the Londoner has for them a subtle charm. The impress of Picadilly and the Strand must be upon the object that would secure their affections. They delight to place the typical Englishman, with his monocle and weary drawl, upon a pedestal of their own erection, where they worship his peculiar mannerisms with more than Eastern devotion. For the benefit of the party with pro-British leaning on the political side of the question, let us view the land of the Briton in its civil aspect.

It is but a trifle over fifty years since the inception of civil service reform wrought a much needed change in things political. Prior to that period corruption of the most flagrant type and class favoritism in its worst aspect flourished in a manner which Tammany in its palmiest days failed to rival. From Walpole, famous for his celebrated phrase, "Every man has his price," to Palmerston of sport-loving notoriety, a period which embraces, in a political sense, much that is modern, we may trace the workings of gilded jobbery and aristocratic peculation. The house of commons which, previous to the first reform act of 1832, was merely a fashionable club for the younger sons of the titled upper ten, furnished the worst example of representative government in the civilized world. The man of ability in this favored chamber was dependent on the capricious favor of some great landed proprietor, without whose patronizing protection he would have as much chance of entering this assembly of the "first gentlemen of Europe" as he would have of succeeding to the throne of Montezuma. The evil effect of this corruption is felt keenly among the toiling masses of the England of today. It is by no means in order to claim that this state of things belongs to the byegones of the past. The resultant stain which it has left defies the united efforts of the radicals of a widely enfranchised parliament to entirely efface. In vain does the famous editor of *Truth*, the elect of Northampton, Labouchere, the *bete noir* of the Tory benches, and his cohorts, attack royal tributes, paid out of the public purse to the favored descendant of some pampered courtesan, prompt "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knees" to pomp and power.

The incapacity displayed in high places, and which cost England so much in blood and treasure during the Crimean war, is but an instance of what the British taxpayer has had to, and probably still endures. Privilege is still a fetich which is duly honored by the English masses. It may be pointed out in passing that immunity from taxation on the part of titled personages exists, or rather survives as yet in British cities. This relic of feudalism costs London several millions annually. The Duke of Westminster, owing to the favor shown the Grosvenor family by "the last of the fools and oppressors called George," as Byron puts it, is privileged in this respect. As his property in London equals that of Astor in New York, the burden must fall severely on backs less able to bear the burden than this titled Crœsus of West London. We can fancy the hubbub that would be raised in "the land of the free" were such a monstrous prerogative to exist here. In this connection we may judge that the resultant effects are the same, were the despoiler of the public purse a Tammany heeler or a Conservative earl. That the trend of democracy in England is clamorous for reform is evidenced by the persistent efforts of John Burns and his workingmen friends.

Now that popular government is passing from the experimental stage, and when its operations are viewed with much interest by the people of both hemispheres, it would be idle to claim that it errs on the side of political purity,—pleadings, however, may be urged in its favor, that, even in its corruption, it is devoid of those darker features which throw such sinister shadows over English politics. It assuredly has not fostered a dominant class in luxury and idleness at the expense of the weaker ones' household, nor will it be likely to rear a system, from the meshes of which the radical masses in democratic England are madly struggling to be free.

W.P.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S "LA GRIPPE."

We are informed by a Washington newspaper correspondent that "Mrs. Cleveland says no one is more amused than herself in reading the various accounts of how after each of the large receptions at the White House, when she has gone through a siege of handshaking, her arm the next day is perfectly useless, stiff and swollen to twice its normal size. The fact is that not a word of all these elaborately written treatises upon the painful condition of her arm is true. No amount of handshaking wearies her, and the reason which she gives for this is that, before coming to Washington, she was an ardent tenis player. It is to her unusual amount of exercise in this game that Mrs. Cleveland attributes the fine development of muscular strength that has since stood her stead in the matter of handshaking."

The talent Mrs. Cleveland exhibits as a handshaker is truly marvelous. It is, no doubt, a very high honor to have the pump-handle experience with the first lady, etcetera. No woman in America rivals Mrs. Cleveland in the matter of a reception grip. Your hand is grasped cordially, and then you are jerked forward with a strength and velocity that make your head swim, as the President's wife, with a "next" expression on her comely face, sends the succeeding victim trampling on your heels. There's an awful "undertow" about Mrs. Cleveland's handshake. The whirlpools of the Missouri are, compared to it, in a state of "innocuous desuetude."

ENGLAND appears to be getting into decidedly hot water all around the horizon. France is angry with her on account of the Sierra Leone boundary dispute; Germany because of the Elbe disaster and rivalry in the African settlements, and our own Senator Morgan gave her a great dressing down in the United States Senate the other day, because of her course in Central America and the Sandwich Islands. Now, if only some of these quarrels would materialize! Then Ireland might have good hope of achieving her freedom, after the manner of America, Greece, Italy and Bulgaria.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 p.m. sharp, in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, to make arrangements for the 17th of March. Each society is requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, Pres.
FRANK CONROY, Sec.

STORY AND SONGS OF IRELAND.

John F. Finerty and M. J. Murphy Heard by a Large Audience.

Ex-Congressman John F. Finerty was in his finest oratorical feather last evening, and the large audience, including the leading Irishmen of Milwaukee, who gathered at Lincoln hall to hear the "Story and Songs of Ireland" illustrated by the Chicago editor and M. J. Murphy, of Bay City, were unanimous in saying that the subject could not have been in better hands. John T. Kelly presided at the meeting and introduced the speakers, and on the platform were ranged as vice-presidents Capt. J. E. Coogan, Collector J. W. Murphy, Jeremiah Quin, Eugene Cary, Patrick Donnelly, Ambrose McGuigan, James McIver, Peter Doyle and John M. Clarke. The lecture was divided into six periods of the most interesting parts of Irish history, beginning with the days of Strongbow and Henry II. (1169) and closing with 1894. His lecture was full of wit.

Mr. Finerty is a man of commanding stature, with a mellow voice, while his delivery is easy and his gestures graceful. His power of description is intense, and, in some of the striking scenes, as for instance the description of the battle of Fontenoy, he carried his audience with him so thoroughly that they seemed to see the fighting squadrons bristling with bayonets, to hear the tramp of the victorious Irish regiments on continental soil, and to become presently aware of the victorious shouts of the men who had carried their flags through a hard won day. He stated apropos of the period of King Art McMurrough, that McMurrough was the original name of the Murphys, and that all who bear the name are the descendants of Irish kings. He said the green flag of Ireland was first mentioned in history as floating over the camp of King Art, who closed his reign with the fourteenth century. He refuted the charge made by Ireland's enemies that the nation never fought for their freedom, and recounted many a stricken field where the green banner was never pulled down. He said that King Henry V., the victor of Agincourt, first received his knighthood on Irish soil, on the field of Carlow. He said that Henry VIII. was the first English king who took the title of King of Ireland. When the lecturer said that Parnell was the only Irishman who could compare in all its history with Hugh O'Neill, the Elizabethan prince, the audience gave him a round of applause. The Irish Bannockburn, he said, was the battle of the Yellowford, where Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell put to flight the English army under Marshal Bagnall, and he gloried in the fact that Queen Elizabeth passed away before the sword of Hugh O'Neill was surrendered.

In summing up at the close of his lecture Mr. Finerty said: "The question of creeds cuts very little figure in the history of our relations with England. When she was a Catholic power she smote us with the mace just the same as when she was a Protestant power. King James II. was the first monarch who ever adopted a humane Irish policy. The Irish didn't fight for him as King of England at the battle of the Boyne, but they fought for him as King of Ireland."

Mr. Murphy sang six regular numbers and two encores, and his fine baritone voice, rolling out the ballads and dirges of Ireland, was very pleasant to hear. He was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. O. Severance.—*Milwaukee Sentinel, Feb. 9.*

REDMOND WANTS DISSOLUTION.

He Assails the Liberals in the Commons for Abandoning Home Rule.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—In the house of commons yesterday John Redmond, the Parnellite leader, resumed the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech. He submitted the following amendment:

"We humbly represent to your Majesty that the time has come when it is the duty of the ministers to advise your Majesty to dissolve the present parliament and to submit the question of home rule to the electors."

Mr. Redmond said the Liberals during the last three years had made a gradual change of policy—they had kept home rule as the first item on the Newcastle programme; but they went steadily on with other projects, quietly shelving Ireland. Lord Rosebery's recent speeches at Bradford showed the next election would be fought on the question of the house of lords. This was a complete reversal of the policy announced and he called upon the government to fulfill its pledges to the Irish members, dissolve parliament and submit the question of home rule for Ireland to the electorate of the kingdom.

John Morley, replying, denied Lord Rosebery had given up home rule, and said that no more mischievous blow was ever struck against home rule than Mr. Redmond's amendment. Mr. Redmond had committed himself to the most absurd political paradox. He was trying in the name of home rule by an alliance with a party which asserted home rule menaced the constitution and was dangerous to the empire, to eject a government which has passed the home rule bill in the house of commons.

Mr. Balfour said he would vote for the amendment for dissolution, as that was what he wanted. He was convinced the government also wanted dissolution.

The amendment was rejected by a vote of 236 to 256.

Sacred Heart Parish.

A mission, conducted by the eminent and well known Jesuits, Fathers Sherman and Mulconroy, S.J., will be given at the Sacred Heart church, corner of Nineteenth and Johnson streets, commencing Feb. 24. The exercises at night for the first week, from Feb. 24 to March 4, will be exclusively for women. In the second week, March 4 to March 10, the night exercises will be exclusively for men. It is sincerely hoped that all will avail themselves of this opportunity in fulfilling the requirements of the mission. The reverend Fathers conducting the mission are justly celebrated for their zeal and eloquence.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of Ireland's Noted Writers of the Present Day.

William B. Yeats, One of the Brightest Writers and Sweetest Poets of the Present Day.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Around the very name of this author there seems to hover a touch of the mystic, a spirit-presence from the unseen world, marking it with a strong and strange individuality. The weird productions of his genius seem like revelations of some personage who, gifted with an occult power, is enabled at will to bridge the gulf that lies between the unseen world and mortal men and return to enrich the literature of his country with the matchless fairy lore he has gathered in that dim beyond.

To him the palace of Una of the West, and the emerald throne of Manannan the king of the sea fairies, are alike familiar. At his bidding we traverse the paths that led to Tir-na-nOg, the land of everlasting youth, and feast our senses its odor-laden atmosphere, its hosts of lovely maidens, its streets of gold and gates of pearl; or, far into the bowels of the earth we are led, to join in the merry revels of those tiny beings who will live in dreams of bliss till the final day of the world, when at the awful signal summoning the universe to judgment, they will dissolve into a vapor and exist no more.

William Butler Yeats comes of an old Sligo family and was born at Sandymount, Dublin, on the 13th of June, 1866. He is the son of John Butler Yeats, a well known Irish artist. At the age of 11 years he was sent to Godolphin School, Hammersmith, London, and at 15 he returned to Ireland and entered the High School, Harcourt street, Dublin. His grandparents lived in the county Sligo, and it is in that county he has spent most of his earlier years. He began to write poems a few years ago for the *Irish Fireside*, the *Irish Monthly* and a few other Irish journals, such as the *Gael* and *United Ireland*. He has written many exquisite poems and sketches of late years for the *National Observer*, *Leisure Hours*, *Bookman*, and other periodicals, and has edited several collections of Irish stories. In 1892, in conjunction with Mr. E. J. Ellis, he brought out a magnificent edition of the works of William Blake, the poet and mystic, with an interpretation of his writings.

The fairy traditions of the Irish peasantry have an irresistible charm for Mr. Yeats. He seems to delight in recording the narratives of the country story-tellers, reproducing them with all the unctuous humor and quaint pathos of the village *seanachie*, clothing them in his own beautiful language, lending to the ancient legends a charm all his own. Some of his most exquisite poems and legends are to be found in "The Countess Kathleen," published by T. Fisher Unwin of London. This is a collection of legends and lyrics; the poems in the volume being of a most musical and graceful construction. The paradise of the old Irish pagans, Tir-na-nOg, with its myriads of joys and glories, is vividly described in two other works, also published by T. Fisher Unwin. The first of them, "The Wanderings of Ossian," is an account of the adventures of that celebrated Fenian bard in the enchanted country. Here Mr. Yeats is at his best. He wanders into the realms of fancy and pictures with a poetic grace the marvelous beauties of that old Celtic heaven. So exquisite are the word-paintings he has wrought in this work that one almost has a regret that the druids did not leave more of the traditions of their belief behind them. His "John Sherman and Dhoya," the other volume, is an old Irish legend of the days when there were giants in the land, and is also an attractive work.

In his "Irish Fairy Stories," published also by Unwin, are many illustrations by J. B. Yeats, and in this, as in his "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales," published by Walter Scott & Co., are selections of tales and legends from the best sources. He has levied on Crofton Croker, Louisa Maclintock, Dr. Maginn, Dr. Douglas Hyde and many other notables for materials, and his two volumes would be a source of delight not only to the younger children but to the grown children as well, for what Irish man or woman is too old to be amused by the fanciful tales of good people? His "Representative Irish Tales," published by the Putnams, has won much deserved popularity.

The latest work of Mr. Yeats, "The Celtic Twilight," has attracted more attention in this country, however, than any of his other books. It is published by Lawrence & Bullen, of London, and imported by the Irish Industries Association, 179 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., or MacMillan & Co., New York. It is a collection of peasant stories, legends and superstitions, beautifully written in Mr. Yeats' characteristic style. As the title denotes, the work is supposed to be a rescue of the fast-dying legendary lore of the country. Irish literature has much to be thankful for in the efforts of Mr. Yeats, Douglas Hyde, William Larminie and other writers of the day, that the flowers of Irish mythology have been gathered and preserved ere they died away for ever. Now that the younger people are leaving the country, and the old ones dying off, it will not be many years till the ancient traditions are gone from the peasantry for ever. "The Celtic Twilight" begins with a poem—"The Host":

The host is riding from Knock-na-rea,
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niam calling, "Away, come away;"

"And brood no more where the fire is bright,
Filling thy heart with a mortal dream;
For breasts are heaving and eyes agleam;
Away, come away to the dim twilight.
"Arms are a-waving and lips apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
We come between him and the hope of his heart."

The host is rushing 'twixt night and day;
And where is there hope or deed as fair?
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niam calling "Away, come away."

One of the most interesting sketches in the book is that of "The Last Gleeman." It is an account of a noted character named Michael Moran who lived in Dublin about the beginning of the century. He was blind from childhood and earned a living by begging at street corners and at the bridges over the Liffey. He transformed every movement of the day and every change of public passion into rhyme or quaint saying and was recognized as the chief among ballad mongers of the day. Every morning after breakfast, Moran's wife, for he had one, or a neighbor would read the newspaper to him, and read on and on until he interrupted with, "That'll do—I have me meditations;" and from these meditations would come the day's store of jest and rhyme. He had the whole Middle Ages under his frieze coat.

Mr. Yeats has given the story in such an excellent manner that an extract from his book will, I think, be interesting to most of our readers. "He had not, however, MacConglinne's hatred of the church and clergy," says Mr. Yeats, "for when the fruit of his meditations did not ripen well or when the crowd called for something more solid, he would recite or sing a metrical tale or ballad of saint or martyr or biblical adventure. He would stand at a street corner, and when a crowd had gathered would begin in some such fashion as follows (I copy the record of one who knew him)—'Gather round me, boys, gather round me. Boys, am I standin' in puddle? am I standin' in wet?' Thereon several boys would would cry, 'Ah, no! yez not! yer in a nice dry place. Go on with 'St. Mary,' go on with 'Moses,' each calling for his favorite tale. Then Moran, with a suspicious wriggle of his body and a clutch at his rags, would burst out with 'All me buzzim friends are turned backbiters;' and after a final 'If you don't drop your coddin' and diversion I'll lave some of yez a case,' by way of warning to the boys, begin his recitation, or perhaps still delay to ask, 'Is there a crowd around me now? Any blackguard heretic around me?'" The best known of his religious tales was "St. Mary of Egypt," a long poem of exceeding solemnity, condensed from the much longer work of a certain Bishop Coyle. It told how a fast woman of Egypt, Mary by name, followed pilgrims to Jerusalem for no good purpose, and then, turning penitent on finding herself withheld from entering the Temple, by supernatural interference, fled to the desert and spent the remainder of her life in solitary penance. When at last she was at the point of death God sent Bishop Zozimus to hear her confession, give her the sacrament, and with the help of a lion, whom He sent also, dig her grave. The poem has the intolerable cadence of the eighteenth century, but was so popular and so often called for that Moran was soon nicknamed Zozimus, and by that name he is remembered. He also had a poem of his called "Moses," which went a little nearer poetry without going very near. But he could ill brook solemnity, and before long parodied his own verses in the following ragamuffin fashion:

In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
To dry her royal pelt, she ran along the strand.
A bulrush tripped her whereupon she saw
A smiling baby in a wad of straw,
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,
"Tare-and-ages, girls, which av yez owns the child?"

His humorous rhymes were, however, more often quips and cranks at the expense of his contemporaries. It was his delight, for instance, to remind a certain shoemaker noted alike for display of wealth and personal uncleanliness, of his inconsiderable origin in a song of which but the first stanza has come down to us:

At the dirty end of Dirty Lane,
Lived a dirty cobbler, Dick MacLane;
His wife was in the old king's reign
A stout, brave Orangewoman.
On Essex Bridge she strained her throat,
And six-a-penny was her note.
But Dickey wore a bran-new coat,
He got among the yeomen.
He was a bigot like his clan,
And in the streets he wildly sang,
O roly, toly, toly raid, with his old jade.

He had troubles of divers kinds, and numerous interlopers to face and put down. Once an officious peeler arrested him as a vagabond, but was triumphantly routed amid the laughter of the court, when Moran reminded the judge of the precedent set by Homer, who was also, he declared, a poet, and a blind man and a beggarman. He had to face a more serious difficulty as his fame grew. Various imitators started up on all sides. A certain actor, for instance, made as many guineas as Moran did shillings by mimicking his songs and his sayings and his get-up on the stage. One night this actor was at supper with some friends when dispute arose as to whether his mimicry was overdone or not. It was agreed to settle it by an appeal to the mob. A forty-shilling supper at a famous coffee-house was to be the wager. The actor took up his station at Essex Bridge, a great haunt of Moran's, and soon gathered a small crowd. He had scarce got through "In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile," when Moran himself came up, followed by another. The crowds met in great excitement and laughter. "Good Christians," cried the pretender, "is it possible that any man would mock the poor dark man like that?"

"Who's that? It's some imposhterer," replied Moran.

"Begone, you wretch! It' you're the imposhterer. Don't you fear the light of heaven being struck from your eyes for mocking the poor dark man?"

"Saints and angels, is there no protection against this? You're a most inhuman bla'guard to try to deprive me of my board this way," replied poor Moran.

"And you, you wretch, won't let me go on with my beautiful poems. Christian people, in your charity won't you beat this man away?—he's taking advantage of my darkness."

The pretender seeing that he was having the best of it, thanked the people for their sympathy and protection, and went on with the poem, Moran listening for awhile in bewildered silence.

After a while Moran protested again with: "Is it possible that none of yez can know me? Don't yez see it's myself and that's some one else?"

"Before I proceed any further in this lovely story," interrupted the pretender, "I call on yez to contribute your charitable donations to help me to go on."

"Have you no sowl to be saved, you mocker of heaven?" cried Moran, put completely beside himself by this last injury. "Would you rob the poor as well as desave the world? O! was ever such wickedness known?"

"I leave it to yourselves, my friends," said the pretender, "to give to the real dark man that you all know so well, and save me from that schemer," and with that he collected some pennies and halfpence. While he was doing so Moran started his "Mary of Egypt," but the indignant crowd seizing his stick were about to belabor him, when they fell back bewildered anew by his close resemblance to himself. The pretender now called to them to "just give him a grip of that villain, and he'd soon let him know who the imposhterer was!" They led him over to Moran, but instead of closing with him, he thrust a few shillings into his hand, and turning to the crowd explained to them that he was indeed but an actor and that he had just gained a wager, and so he departed amid much enthusiasm to eat the supper he had won.

The rest of the sketch is also very interesting. It tells of the last illness, death, wake and burial of Moran, but is too lengthy to insert here. Mr. Yeats has a clever knack of telling a story. All of his characters are true to the life and are indeed unique portraits. There is a bit of broad humor in the sketch entitled "The Thick Skull of the Fortunate." One day, the Sligo people say, a man from Roughley O'Byrne was tried in Sligo for breaking a skull in a row, and made the defense, not unknown in Ireland, that some heads are so thin that you could not be responsible for them. Having returned with a look of passionate contempt on towards the solicitor who was prosecuting, and cried, "that little fellow's skull if you were to hit it, would go like an eggshell," he beamed upon the judge, and said in a wheedling voice, "but a man might wallop away at your lordship's for a month."

Mr. Yeats is an active member of the Irish Literary Society of London and is regarded by many as one of the brightest writers and sweetest poets of the present day. His works are growing into popularity, and while his collections are of great value to the Irish literary movement, he is such an excellent original writer that many of his friends would like to see more of his own work.

AMNESTY FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS

Mr. Morley Now Declares He Never Implied That They Would be Freed.

LONDON, Feb. 13.—The debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech was resumed today. Mr. John Clancy, Parnellite member for North Dublin, moved an amendment declaring that the time had arrived when the cases of all prisoners convicted under the treason-felony act, who had been for many years in prison for offenses arising from insurrectionary movements, can be advantageously reconsidered.

Mr. Asquith declared that in view of the atrocious character of the crimes of the men in prison, which might have inflicted untold misery upon innocent persons, he was unable to advise the crown to extend the clemency to which the resolution looked. Mr. Asquith concluded with the remark that neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, had ever given an implicit promise that amnesty would be granted to the men convicted of those crimes.

Mr. Morley followed Mr. Asquith with a personal explanation of the speech he made in Leinster Hall, Dublin, and which, it has been said, implied that amnesty would be granted to the men in prison for taking part in dynamite crimes. He declared that not a single word of that speech had any reference to those men. Mr. Morley said he did say that France had amnestied communiards and that America had amnestied secessionists, and that he did ask whether the only people for whom there should be no amnesty were the Irish, but there was not a single word in that expression that any sensible man could interpret as referring to dynamiters. Here Mr. Morley was greeted with cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the Parnellite members.

Local Catholic News.

The Third Order of St. Francis will meet Sunday (tomorrow) afternoon in St. Peter's church at 3 o'clock.

Services will be held Sunday (tomorrow) for the first time in the new Church of St. Clara, Sixty-fourth street and Woodlown avenue.

An entertainment will be given by the St. Denis club next Tuesday evening in Holy Angels' school hall, for the benefit of the poor of Holy Angels' parish.

The parishioners of St. Columbkill's parish, headed by Rev. Father O'Brien, are preparing to give a grand bazaar in a few weeks in aid of the Sisters of Charity engaged in the schools of that parish.

The choir of St. James's church will give a sacred concert in the church Sunday (tomorrow) evening. A very elaborate programme has been arranged for the occasion, including some of the best local talent.

Mr. John F. Finerty will deliver an address at the fair now in progress for the benefit of St. Rose of Lima church, Forty-seventh street and Ashland avenue, this (Saturday) evening. A large attendance is expected.

A new parish has been established in the northwest part of the city, centering at the corner of Milwaukee and Central Park avenues. A priest from St. Stanislaus' rectory has been assigned to the charge, it being yet treated as a mission.

Prof. M. T. Corby, who has been prominent in the Catholic church choirs of the city for many years and a former professor at Notre Dame University, died in this city last week after a short illness. The deceased was a brother of Very Rev. William Corby, provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who was present during his brother's illness and conveyed the remains to Notre Dame for burial.

BALLINASLOE.

[To the Editor.]

It is perhaps eminently proper that the county of Galway should be able to boast of the possession of one of the most progressive and modernized towns in Ireland. This indeed is truly the case with Ballinasloe, wherein some friends of mine and myself, during a visit to Ireland last year, spent three or four very pleasant and richly enjoyable days. Unlike many other portions of Ireland this western town shows a life and energy which, of course, would be welcome to the heart of any Celt, but which in addition, measured from the American standpoint solely, appeals most commendably for recognition and approval. We found an industrial school there, under the fostering care of the Sisters of Mercy, which, in every respect, equaled anything, either sectarian or otherwise, which even America could boast of. Cleanliness on every hand, beautiful specimens of the handiwork of the inmates, and a superb taste and delicate touch seemed evident all round. In addition to all these the place possesses a miniature water system, the inmates bake their own bread, make their own clothes, and a picturesque and attractive flower-garden is kept wherein the children can enjoy the sweets of nature, and the hard-working amiable sisterhood can obtain much of the little respite and ease they ever know on earth. They prefer to labor that others may have rest and peace. The Catholic church is also a very fine structure, and complete in every respect. Many neat private residences are around the town, and the road leading to the historic Aughrim showed us such thrift, and, indeed, evidence of the apparent comfort such as we saw nowhere else. The Galway people we also found exceedingly polite, and anxious to extend any information possible.

But though the priests and people have church and convent, and industrial school and seminary, there is no residence for the priests in any way approaching what is proper. But they have started in to build one, and the good man who is the administrator, Rev. John T. Bowes, has asked me to bring this fact to the notice of the Irish people in Chicago, particularly those from Galway. Thus it is that I take advantage of the space so kindly placed at my disposal. Subscriptions may be sent to Father Bowes direct, or if sent to my address I will gladly take charge of and have the same duly forwarded and publicly acknowledged. I don't happen to be one of the renowned Galway tribes, but this makes me no less anxious to see the devout intentions of the priests and people of Ballinasloe fully and well executed.

P. J. O'KEEFFE,
4857 Michigan-av.

Union Catholic Library.

The Union Catholic Library Association will give an entertainment at Kimball Hall, 243 Wabash avenue, on Friday evening, Feb. 22, in honor of Washington's birthday. Following is the programme:

Address—"Washington" ..... Rev. P. J. Agnew.
Piano—"Home, Sweet Home," (left hand only) ..... Mme. Marguerite R. Krosser.
Song—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" ..... Mr. L. E. Queloz and Quartette.
Reading—"Old Ace" ..... Brooks
Mr. W. W. Carnes.
Violin—"Mazurka de Concert" ..... Ovide Musin
Miss Lilly Roemheld.
Song—"The Vacant Chair" ..... Miss Katherine Coffey.
Song—"Tenting Tonight" ..... Mr. George H. Kelland.
Harp—"The Cascade" ..... Oberthur
Miss Alice G. Smith.
Song—"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" ..... Mrs. Daniel R. McAuley.
Recitation—"Foes United in Death" ..... Mr. John Lane O'Connor.
Spanish Dance ..... Miss Julia Snyder and Master Clarence Richter.
Song—"For All Eternity" ..... Mascheroni
Mr. E. James Finney.

Programme will commence promptly at 8 o'clock.

Hope Crushed to Earth

Will rise again in the bosom of a dyspeptic wise enough to substitute for the pseudo-tonics, which have bamboozled him out of his belief in the possibility of cure, the real invigorant and stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The bilious, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic alike derive speedy benefit from this helpful botanic medicine. Persons suffering from indigestion will gain no positive permanent good from the fiery, unmedicated stimulants of commerce, too often used recklessly. The Bitters is immeasurably to be preferred to these as a tonic, since its pure basis is modified by the conjunction with it of vegetable ingredients of the highest remedial excellence. Malaria is prevented and remedied by it, and it infuses vigor into the weak and sickly. A wineglassful three times a day is the average dose.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The Louise Beaudet Opera Bouffe Company will present for the first time in Chicago the new comic opera, "The Dragoon's Daughter," at the Schiller Theatre, beginning Sunday evening, Feb. 17. The original and amusing story of "The Dragoon's Daughter" is by L. W. Norcross, Jr., and its melodious and delightful music by Herman Perlet. The favorite star, Louise Beaudet, is supported by a splendidly constituted organization of operatic artists, and the opera will be produced in a lavish and brilliant style at the Schiller. That irresistible public favorite, Sadie Martinot, follows Louise Beaudet, in the recent great success, "The Passport," commencing March 3.

What Freedom Means.

When Kosciusko fell in defense of a polity which, after all, was little better than a legalized anarchy, the freedom that "shrieked" was only a very distant cousin of ours; with the liberty in whose name Mme. Roland was hurried to the scaffold, the latter would own no kinship or even acquaintance. We differ as widely from the Nihilist, who would emancipate the world by blowing up everybody in it of a contrary opinion to his own, as from Clarendon when he calls the King of England "as free and absolute as any monarch in Christendom." Perhaps the most characteristic feature in our conception of a free state is that its government shall not only compel every one in the community to mind his own business, but in this respect set them all a good example; or, in other words, the very limited scope in our view of legitimate governmental action. We ask and permit our rulers to do only such work as no one else can do for us; or, if this statement is a little too sweeping, we require clear proof that they can do it better than it will otherwise be done before entrusting it to them. In case of any doubt the presumption is in favor of private agencies; prima facie the state's intervention is an evil, and the onus probandi rests always on its advocate.—*Charles J. Bonaparte, in February Donahoe's.*

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

An election was held in Company G on Saturday, Feb. 9, at which Lieut. John F. Ryan, Company F, was elected captain, and Private Herbert E. Powell first lieutenant. The members of Company G are to be congratulated on securing two such good men; they could not have found better in the regiment. Capt. Ryan is a very enthusiastic Seventh Regiment man, and it is to be hoped that Company G under his command, will become one of the best companies in the regiment.

The Second Battalion will give an entertainment and ball on St. Patrick's Eve. The officers and men of the battalion, through the columns of THE CITIZEN, extend an invitation to all their friends to be present on that night. The entertainment will take place at the new armory, 78 Michigan avenue.

TERRIBLE STORM IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Feb. 11—A terrific snowstorm raged in Ireland Saturday night and Sunday. The snow lies three feet deep, and in some places is drifted to the depth of eight or ten feet. The mail service is stopped throughout the North of Ireland. In Cork and elsewhere the running of trains has been stopped. The storm was so violent at Queenstown that all the telegraph lines suspended business. The temperature is the lowest recorded in forty years. An unusually high tide flooded the custom-house quay and washed away the stone pavement. Much damage was done along the shore. Several small craft have foundered. Traffic in the harbor and on the river is suspended. The American mail train is snowbound at Charleville, county of Cork. The storm swept with awful fury along the coast, and over twenty steamers sought shelter in Queenstown harbor. The river Foyle at Londonderry is blocked with ice.

American Horses for Ireland.

Mr. J. M. Crennan, the well known wholesale cigar dealer of this city, has purchased from Colonel R. Pepper, of Frankfort, Ky., the valuable trotting mare "Festina," by "Onward." Mr. Crennan will ship her to his friend Mr. Daniel Keane, of Cork, Ireland. The American trotters are becoming very popular over there as roadsters, and it is Mr. Keane's intention to import several the coming summer and breed them to Irish thoroughbreds.

Real Faith never grows weak by having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints should be patient and the result will be satisfactory. Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

St. Kiernan and His Monks.

Translation of Gaelic Which Appeared in Last Week's Issue.

And Ciaran came to the resolution of residing in that place as an eremite, for it was entirely surrounded with dense woods at that time: he commenced to construct temporary little cells, he next built a monastery, and afterwards a city, by God's aid, which was commonly called by the people Saigher of Ciaran. When Ciaran came first there he sat under the shelter of a tree, and a very furious wild boar started up from the other side of the same tree, and when it saw Ciaran it fled; however, it returned and became submissive to Ciaran, being tamed by God. That boar was the first disciple and monk that Ciaran had in that place. It was accustomed to go to the wood and gnaw twigs and thatch to assist to construct the cell. There was no person then with Ciaran, for he left his disciples and came alone to that desert. Irrational animals came to Ciaran from all parts of the forest: a fox, a badger, a wolf, and a fawn. These became submissive to Ciaran, and hearkened to his doctrine as monks: they obeyed him in every respect. The self-willed, deceitful, malicious fox happened one day to find Ciaran's shoes, and stole them; he then abandoned the community, and hastened to his own cave, where his passions prompted him to eat the shoes.

When the matter was made known to Ciaran, he dispatched the badger, another of his monks, to bring the fox back to his place. The badger went to the fox's cave and found him devouring the shoes for he had already gnawed the strings and latchets. The badger persuaded the fox to return to the monastery; they both came in the evening, and fetched the shoes to Ciaran. Ciaran said to the fox, "Brother! why hast thou committed that theft, an act which nowise becomes a monk? We have wholesome water and food in the community, and if thy nature prompted thee to prefer meat, God would change the bark of yonder trees into flesh for thy use." The fox then besought Ciaran to forgive him his sins and impose a penance upon him, which was accordingly done. The fox did not taste food until he obtained permission from Ciaran, and he continued upright from that time forward.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1895.

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions for 1895, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland" containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folklore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and back.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary" bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, fullustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber for 1895, "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time from the receipt of this circular, and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by check, postoffice order, express order, or registered mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

PARTNER WANTED.

Ecclesiastical publication, sold very cheaply, with immense circulation in Europe, originating in Rome; seeks English speaking Catholic in America with $1,000 to $1,500 capital. Address or call until 11 a. m., RUD. ZOLLNER,
394 E. North-av., Chicago, Ill.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evening.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1895. Katharina Thennes vs. Carl Thennes. In Chancery. No. 147,865.

Notice is hereby given to the said Carl Thennes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

John McKeough, Complt's Solr.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JAMES MANSFIELD CLEARY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of James Mansfield Cleary, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook county, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago January 12, 1895.

WILLIAM A. CLEARY,
Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

BABY THE FIRST.

The poet may sing
Like a bird on the wing,
And the prose may attain his quill
To a talented strain,
But I mean to maintain
That there's one thing which passes their skill.
It has never been sung
By terrestrial tongue,
It has never by pen been rehearsed
How ineffably prized
And how much idolized
In the homestead is baby the first!

Not for Ossas of gold
Upon Pelions rolled,
Not for pearls to the firmament piled,
Not for rubies galore,
Or the great Kohinoor
Would the mother relinquish that child.
She would brave the high fire
Of a Didoesque pyre,
She would patiently hunger and thirst
If her sacrifice brave
Could by any means save
From one pang her sweet baby the first!

Oh, that dear little thing
Is the queen or the king
Of the household in which it had birth.
For the mother's strong love
Simply ranks it above
Every creature or object on earth.
Yes, she fondly contrives
To believe that its "hives"
Is of earthly diseases the worst,
And its tiniest ache
Will induce her to wake
All the night beside baby the first!

Babies second and third
Have no reason to "gird"
At the motherly treatment they get.
Babies four, five and six,
They are much indulged chicks,
Each in turn is called "Ma's ickle pet,"
But the babes who succeed
Number one would indeed
Pick a crow with mamma, if they durst,
Could they guess how much less is
The love she possesses
For them than for baby the first!

—Judy.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

"Whoa!"

The command was unnecessary, for both horse and driver were willing to stop and rest under the shade of the oaks and poplars that hot July noon. From early morn, when the dew was on the grass, until now, when the sun was overhead, Mr. George Slade had driven his faithful horse over the wild, rough mountain roads of the Blue Ridge, and the place was too inviting for him to pass by.

Mr. Slade was a schoolteacher, and his academy, as it was called, stood under the shadow of Mount Lopateka, one of the tallest peaks of the Blue Ridge. He was, at the time of which we speak, returning to his home from the nearest railroad town, 30 miles away. Some years ago, warned by approaching disease, he had left his native home in Massachusetts for a warmer clime. Attracted by the wild mountain scenery and the balmy air, which seemed to banish his pulmonary troubles, he had made his home among these hardy and hospitable mountaineers. He had again entered upon his old occupation, which he had followed in his early manhood in his New England home, and was now at the head of a flourishing school in this secluded country. His habits were simple, and his slender income was sufficient to satisfy his wants. He was alone in the world, and he had long ago decided to make his permanent home here among the mountains. It was not long before he became attached to these hardy mountaineers, and he readily accommodated himself to the primitive style of living. Although a man of northern birth and one who had worn the blue, he gave full credit to those who had worn the gray for honesty of purpose. In return he stood high in the esteem of all who knew him. His work in the schoolroom was making its impress on the community, and the children were devotedly attached to the patient, white haired old man. It was but seldom that he went out in the busy world which lay beyond the mountains encircling the lovely valley where he had made his home. On this occasion he was returning to his home by a route which was new to him, and the picturesque beauty of this Switzerland of the south had never before made such deep impression upon him.

A lovelier spot to spend the noonday hour could not have been found. Hard by was a bold spring, gushing out from the foot of the mountain at the head of a valley which sloped gently northward toward the Tennessee. The little stream formed by the spring went dashing down the hillside, winding its way among the bowlders, now flowing smoothly along over its pebbly bed, then turning with swift current around some steep declivity, soon to reappear as it fell foaming and sparkling in the sunshine over a rocky ledge and again stretching out like a band of silvered ribbon until it was lost in the distance, around, on almost every side, the everlasting mountains, reaching up to the cloudless sky, clothed at this season of the year in greenest verdure, with their wooded crests and the deep blue ether backgrounds appearing like the gently rolling waves of the sea. Nestled among the jutting cliffs at the mountain base stood a humble log cabin, and across the road in the little field on the hillside in the growing corn could be seen an ox harnessed to a plow and toiling up the incline, and behind the plow, holding on with all her strength to the handle, was a half grown girl. The attention of Mr. Slade, who had unharnessed his horse and was preparing to lead the animal to the ford of the little brook below the spring, was attracted. He saw her, as the ox reached the end of the row, stop, and shading her eyes with one hand look up at the sun.

As if satisfied that the noontide had come, she quickly released the little spotted ox from its trappings. The ox needed no word of command, but turned and made his way rapidly down the slope to the brook to quench his thirst. The girl followed and reached the stream as soon as the ox had stuck his head to the running water. She stood for several moments with her bare feet in the clear, cold water; then, throwing back her homespun bonnet until it rested on her shoulders, she stooped down and washed her hands, and then dipping up the water in her open palms bathed her face, rosy with the heat, and brushed back her tangled hair. Her toilet was finished.

What a picture!

Standing in the running brook, under the blossoming branches of a bending mountain ivy, with its white and crimson flowers touching her hair, now released from its homespun covering where the sunlight and shadow met and mingled, her cheeks aglow from the morning's toil, and her eyes, blue as the ether above, turned toward the humble home on the hillside, she was indeed a child of nature—a true type of the mountain girl.

"Good morning, miss," said Mr. Slade, who had approached unperceived by the girl, who had been busy with her ablutions.

The girl, startled by the sound of a human voice, sprang from the brook and prepared for flight in the direction of the cabin, but seeing the kindly face of the old gentleman she stopped and acknowledged his salutation with a nod.

"Do you live here?" asked Mr. Slade.

"Yes," she replied, pointing toward the cabin.

"Now," said Mr. Slade as his horse came up from the brook after satisfying his thirst, "can I not get a cool drink from the spring?"

"Oh, yes! I've got a gourd there," replied the girl as she led the way to the spring.

Taking a large gourd which hung on a broken bough of a poplar tree overshadowing the spring, she dipped it brimming full of the ice cold water to the thirsty traveler.

"Ah, that's a drink fit for a king," said the gentleman after he had almost drained the contents of the gourd.

"That's what pap says," said the maid. "There hain't no colder water in the Blue Ridge," she continued, filling the gourd again and putting it to her lips.

"Who is pap?" asked Mr. Slade.

"Pap! Why he is my father."

"I know that, but I intended to ask his name."

"John Hale. Howsomever, people as knows him calls him Cap'n Hale, 'cause, you see, he was in the big war."

"What's your name, my child?"

"Ida."

"Where's your mother, Ida?"

"Mother's gone to heaven more 'an two year ago; leastways she said she was goin there, and I believe it. See," she said softly, pointing to a mound on the hillside near the cottage.

"And have you no brothers?"

"Nary one, only two little sisters, Lucy and Sallie."

"Where is your father? Why is he not plowing instead of you?"

"See here, mister, pap ain't able to plow nor do nothin else. He can't walk nor set up. He's got what they calls par'lysis. I told you as how pap was in the war. Well, over yonder at Chickamauga, where there was a big fight, the Yankees shot pap two times, and they almost killed him. I hate Yankees, don't you?"

Mr. Slade was silent. She continued her story: "After awhile pap mended and got so he could walk around some with a crutch and work a little bit. Ma has told me as how afore the war she and pap had a-plenty to live on, but when he come home from Chickamauga it was all gone. Pap is a mighty good man, and he done the best he could, and after awhile when we children was big enough we helped him, and ma, she always helped him. One day just before ma was tuck down sick pap was comin down the mountain, and he fell and hurt hisself in the hips where the Yankees shot him. Poor pap, he managed to kinder crawl home, and we all put him to bed, and he is in bed yet and can't turn hisself without help. Poor pap!" and the blue eyes grew moist, and there was a choking in her throat.

After a short pause she continued her story: "Ma tended him the best she could, and she sold one of the steers—the mate to Old Spot, out there—and she tuck the money, and she went and hired a doctor who lives way over yonder across the mountain on the other side of the Hiawassee river to come and see pap. We all prayed while ma was gone that pap might live and git well, and the good Lord, he heard us children, and pap did live, and he was a sight better when ma and the doctor come. The doctor, he looked at pap, and he 'xamined him close, and he held down his head and studied and studied. Finally he looked up and said as how pap might live a long time, but he would never get up and be around any more. He said he would do all he could, but he nor nary other doctor was able to cure pap—poor pap! But that doctor wouldn't tech ma's money—not a cent of it. He's another one as is goin to heaven when he's dead and buried. Then ma, she tried to keep up, but she got weaker and weaker, and one day when the snow was on the ground, nigh on to two year ago, she come down to the spring, but she was so weak she couldn't git back up the hill. We children heard her call, and we come a-runnin, and we found her a sittin over there on that rock as white as the snow around. We children got her back to the house. The same doctor, he come, and he give ma physic, but—but ma never got up any more, and when the snow was all gone, and the poplar leaves was all out, and the mountain ivy was abloom, she said she was a-goin to heaven, and she's there now."

She was silent. Her simple story had been told.

There was something in Mr. Slade's throat which prevented him from speaking, but seeing the girl about to leave he asked, "Who makes a living for you all?"

"Me and Old Spot," was the quick reply.

"Can your father do nothing?"

"Oh, yes, pap does a heap. He's mighty nimble with his hands, if he can't turn over without help. We children gathers straw and broom corn for him, and he makes hats and little baskets and brooms, and the doctor, he takes and sells 'em for pap, and that money buys us clothes and shoes and sometimes a piece of bacon. Then the old cow—we call her Beauty—she gives us milk, and me and Old Spot makes the bread. Oh, we is all doin tol'ble well. Then pap helps us with our books, and I can read print and plain writin, and Lucy and Sallie, they knows their letters and can spell little bits of words. But when I know enough—and pap says God will provide a way for me to know all I want to know—I'll learn 'em all about the mountains, and the stars, and the big world that is over yonder across the mountains. But I must go and turn pap and help the children with the dinner."

And she bounded up the hill like a deer.

"Tell your father I will come in a few moments to see him," he called out to her.

She turned as she entered the cabin door and nodded her head.

Half an hour afterward Mr. Slade was seated in the humble home of the mountain girl. Her story was too true. There, stretched on a lowly bed, lay the poor paralytic, dead from his arms down, with his snow white hair—whitened not so much by the frosts of time as by the agony of suffering—brushed smoothly back from his brow. It was the abode of poverty. There was but one room and but scanty furniture of the most primitive kind. There were two doors, both standing wide open, and the bed of the invalid was wheeled in the middle of the room, in order that he might catch the gentle breeze which came so refreshingly down the mountain side. Over the fireplace on a rough shelf were a few well worn books and a broken jar, filled with the white and crimson blossoms of the mountain ivy and white and blue violets, gathered that morning on the banks of the meandering creek.

And that old man was bright and cheerful!

All means that were in his reach had been used to restore him to vitality, but hope had fled, and he knew that he would never again rise up and walk. Life, even to him, had not lost all its joy and beauty. Upon Ida he rested for almost all aid, for the younger sisters were too small to render much assistance. Into her mind and soul he instilled a love for the beautiful, discernible in so many varied forms in the wild mountain scenery around their picturesque though humble home. Like the sunflower which grows so luxuriantly in this southern clime, his bed was always wheeled around so that he could see the morning sunlight as it streamed in through the door facing the east, and again, when the sun went down behind the mountain in the west, he loved for the last rays to fall in all their golden glory upon his head. Often when the moon was flooding mountain and stream and valley with mellow light he would ask Ida to wheel his bed near the open door, and then, with her hand in his, they would look down the beautiful valley and see the winding streamlet, with its banks lined with flowering ivy and laurel, looking like ghostly sentinels keeping silent watch over their mountain home. And they thanked God for it all.

Captain Hall had done what he could with his imperfect education to give Ida some knowledge of books, as the well thumbed volumes on the shelf testified. While her language was rude and imperfect and her information very limited, yet aspirations had been kindled in the heart of this child of the forest which she herself scarcely knew. Her life of toil, so hard for one of her sex and tender years, was sweetened by those longings which had begun to spring in her soul. She drew inspiration from all the objects around her—the grand old mountains, the thickly wooded forests, the cooing dove and the frisking squirrel, the bubbling spring and the running brook.

Mr. Slade had fastened his horse to the vehicle and was ready to depart as Ida came down to the ford of the brook, and whistling for the ox was preparing to return to her plowing on the hillside.

"Ida," he said, "how would you like to go to school and learn"—

"Go to school!" she interrupted. Her blue eyes kindled as she continued, "Ask me if I like to drink out of this spring when I am athirst, or to eat bread and honey when I am a-hungry. Go to school! But"—

"But what?"

"What's the use of talkin, mister? Are you a schoolkeeper?"

"Yes. I am teaching school across the mountains, down in the Hiawassee valley. If you would like to go"—

"'Tain't no use to talk about it"—and her voice had a ring of sadness in it—"I can't leave pap and Old Spot."

Mr. Slade bade goodby to the mountain girl, but his mind was made up. Providence was opening the way.

The first opportunity after his return home he paid a visit to Dr. Baker, the kind hearted physician who had befriended the Hales in their sickness and distress. Of his scanty means—scanty for a family of 12—he had given liberally to the stricken family. His professional services and the needed medicines were never charged for, and under the righteous pretense of selling the baskets and mats made by the feeble fingers of the old paralytic many a dime and quarter found their way over the mountain to the little cabin by the spring.

"Never have I seen a mortal being bear his sufferings more patiently than Captain Hale. He's always as cheerful as a cricket, no matter if there isn't a crumb of bread nor a scrap of meat in the house," said Dr. Baker in explaining the situation of the family to Mr. Slade.

"As to Ida," he added, "she's as bright and as pretty as a picture. If she had the chance of a good education, professor, she would be a queen among women, or my name is not Billy Baker."

"I intend to give her the chance," said Mr. Slade, with decision.

It was soon arranged. One of Dr. Baker's tenants was to go over and take care of the little farm and the helpless family, while Ida was to be taken into Mr. Slade's school and given the best opportunities of obtaining a finished education. Good Mrs. Baker volunteered to fit her up with a wardrobe which would answer for present emergencies.

Ten days after his first visit Mr. Slade was again drinking from the gourd which hung on the broken twig by the side of the mountain spring.

As Ida came across the brook, following Old Spot from the cornfield, she met him.

"How-dy, Mr. Slade?" she joyfully exclaimed. "What you come for?"

"For you."

"For me? What for, Mr. Slade?"

"To carry you back with me to school."

"But I can't go. I can't leave pap and Old Spot and the children."

Her lips quivered, and the tears came.

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Slade, "for a man has come with me for the purpose of renting the farm. He will stay and take care of Old Spot and your father and the children."

Her whole face shone with joy.

"A kind friend," he continued, "has provided a pair of shoes, a dress or two and some other things for you in that trunk in the wagon."

"Thank God!"

"Will you go?"

"Yes, if pap is willin."

"He is not only willing, but anxious. I must tell you, however, before you make up your mind that I am a Yankee."

"The Lord has forgiven you for that."

"But I was a soldier at Chickamauga."

"The Lord will forgive you for that, too, if he will forgive me for hatin of you Yankees what shot and crippled pap. I've done asked him to forgive us all."

"Then you'll soon be ready?"

"Yes. And Mr. Slade—I can't tell it—but I want to say thanky. I am only a poor mountain girl, but if the good Lord lets me live I will thank you, and I'll work my fingers to the bone to pay you back every cent you spend for me."

In an hour she had kissed her father, her sisters—and the truth must be told—Old Spot, goodby, and was gone.

* * * * * *

Four years had passed by—four years of hard study and consecrated devotion to duty on the part of Ida Hale. Nine months of each year had been spent at the school presided over by Professor Slade and the vacations back at the humble cottage by the spring, helping with her own hands to till the little farm and gather the harvest. Pap and Old Spot and the girls were always objects of her love and her care. The water of the spring was just as cold, the music of the running brook just as sweet, the white and crimson blossoms of the mountain ivy just as lovely and the towering peaks of the mountains just as grand as the day we first saw her plowing on the mountain side and bathing her rosy face in the cooling waters of the creek, where the sunlight played hide and seek among the blossoms.

But today she is to receive her diploma. Clad in her simple white dress, she stands upon the stage, and in a voice rich in melody, yet softened by pathos, she tells of her struggles and her aspirations, and all eyes grow moist and all hearts beat in sympathy with the barefoot mountain girl who was already a queen among women.—S. D. Bradwell in Atlanta Constitution.

Kings and Hawks.

Richard I when in the Holy Land amused himself with hawking on the plain of Sharon and is said to have presented some of these birds to the sultan. Later on, while passing through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and he refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the justly incensed villagers that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape.

King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III invaded France he had 30 falcons, and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII imported goshawks from France, giving £4 for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII while hawking at Hitchin was leaping a dike when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head first into the mud and would have perished in all probability had not his falconer dragged him out.

Elizabeth and James I were much interested in the sport. The latter sovereign indeed expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," says: "When I was a freshman at Oxford, I was wont to go to Christ Church to see Charles I at supper, where I once heard him say that as he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry, and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk, and I remember his expression further, 'And I will swear upon the book 'tis true.'"—Chambers' Journal.

A Centenarian Who Sings.

There are a number of lyric singers in England who retain the mellow charm of their voices at an advanced age. But a singer, and a good one at that, at the age of 102 years is something remarkable. Mr. William Peplow of Wellington, England, who was born in 1792, has lately assisted at a concert given by his great granddaughter, a very distinguished pianist. He rendered several songs with a strong and sympathetic bass voice in an excellent manner and was cheered by his audience. He also accompanied a singer on the piano and conducted several choruses with vim and brilliancy. Surely this is versatility enough for a centenarian.—Menestrel.

Unfortunately Put.

"Uncle," said the impecunious nephew, "you ought to go and see the new play. You would just die laughing."

The old man merely glared. In a few moments later there could be heard the sound of a scratching pen as he altered his will for the forty-fourth time.—Cincinnati Tribune.

USES UP ALL ENERGY

THE CLIMATE IN THE TROPICS MAKES ONE INDOLENT.

Energy Is Not Indigenous to the Region, and the Imported Article Soon Withers. Experience of a Traveler Who Was Determined to See the Country.

"Energy doesn't grow down there. I've been in the country long enough to discover that fact," he exclaimed as he cut off a generous piece of rare roast beef.

The vigor with which he spoke and the evident relish with which he masticated the beef left the impression that the speaker had never spent any considerable time in any place where energy was scarce. He had just landed from a Panama steamer, having come from San Francisco by that route, and had made short visits to various Mexican and Central American ports.

"Not only is it not indigenous to the country, but the exotic article always withers and almost always dies," he said after the keen edge of his appetite had worn off. Then he ordered a pot of coffee, lighted a cigar and continued:

"After we sailed from San Diego it was several days before we arrived at another port. We crossed the gulf of California and touched at Mazatlan, in Mexico. I had promised myself that I should go ashore and see every town at which we stopped in Mexico and Central America, so when the fleet of native boats surrounded the ship a party of passengers hired one, and we were soon on our way to the shore. The distance from the place where the ship was anchored to shore was about three miles, and before the distance had been half covered I was impatient and thoroughly disgusted with the lazy movements of the native oarsmen. Our time was limited, too, and that increased my irritation, because I was anxious to see all I possibly could of the place within a short time.

"I jumped ashore at last and hurried up to the town first to the postoffice and then to other points of interest. It was in the middle of the day, and the sun beat down and reflected again from the white house and the streets, which were paved with small cobblestones. Scarcely a person was on the street, except the people from the ship. The natives lounged about in their shops or the secluded courts with which each house is supplied. The shopkeepers were invariably smoking cigarettes, and it was with difficulty that I induced one of them to rise from his indolent position to supply me with some small purchase which I wished to make.

"Walking rapidly from the postoffice through the principal street to the cathedral, and then to the markets, and again to the public square, I was in a perspiration before I realized it. But my soul was filled with contempt for the lounging, lazy natives, who, it seemed to me, could do nothing except smoke cigarettes, rest their heads on their hands and feebly say, 'Manana' (tomorrow). I saw everything there was to be seen and found the party at the landing impatiently waiting my arrival, so they could return to the ship. While I had done the town thoroughly, I had to admit to myself that I had never been so tired in my life as I was when I reached the deck of the City of Sydney and stretched myself in a steamer chair to smoke and think over what I had seen.

"My spirits revived when we got under way again and had the benefit of an ocean breeze. I renewed my determination to see all the towns at which we touched, and see them thoroughly. We dropped anchor again a day or so later, and I promptly made a bargain with one of the natives to take me ashore. For some inexplicable reason I did not feel half the irritation at the slow movements of the oarsmen that I had felt at the first port. I lounged back in the boat and smoked and was almost lulled to sleep by the movement of the boat as it rose and fell on the long ocean swells.

"When I reached the shore, however, I shook off the lethargy and started briskly out on my sightseeing trip. When I reached the public square, my enthusiasm began to show signs of 'petering out.' With difficulty I tore myself away from a tempting shady seat and visited the few places of interest. Then I went back to the boat, and although I reached the ship an hour ahead of the time set for departure I found that all the passengers had returned ahead of me.

"I was determined to see as much of the country as possible, however, so at the next place I again hired a native to row me ashore. I took an umbrella this time and was weak enough to use it as a shield from the rays of the tropical sun. Arriving on shore, I walked leisurely as far as the postoffice and back to the boat. Then I sat down on the small pier, smoked cigarettes and watched the lazy motions of the natives rowing barges piled with bags of coffee out to the ship and the empty boats back to the shore again. Very few of the other passengers had come ashore at this place.

"My determination to see the country had not quite all vanished when the anchor was dropped at the next port, and once more I hired a native to take me ashore. When we arrived there, I simply sat down in a shady spot and smoked cigarettes. My resentment at the laziness of the natives had all vanished. I said to myself: 'This talk about energetic people coming down here and making money rapidly is all right—for talk. But the man who is able to withstand the enervating influence of this hot and murky air must be made of energy, so that when his vigor was gone he would disappear.'"—New York Tribune.

The Grace of Experience.

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age!

She—But, then, she has become so accustomed to it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

TREMENDOUS PRESSURE.

A Machine on the Hydraulic Principle, but Using Oil Instead of Water.

The reporter went the other day to see a wonderful machine, a machine which is not only a prodigious and terrible piece of enginery, but an allegory. It is called a testing machine, and it is used to ascertain the resisting power of various materials. It is not content with finding out that a beam of oak, for instance, will bear without breaking a pressure on one spot of 160,000 pounds. The beam must be utterly crushed each time the test is made, and note must be taken of the exact weight that lay upon it at the moment of its final dissolution. Day after day this great machine heaves and strains itself and bears down with slow and awful force upon some tough beam or block of wood, and whether the timber is placed flatwise and needs, say, but a paltry 75 tons to crush it, or whether it be placed endwise, like a pillar, and will hold up twice as much weight before it cries out and gives up the ghost, it must yield just the same and surrender its pitiful, crushed frame to be photographed and studied and picked to pieces for the benefit of science. That is all very interesting, you may say, but it is a mere piece of brute machinery. Where is the allegory that you told us of? That lies in the thing by the force of which this monstrous pressure is exerted. It is oil. Nothing but suave, gentle, yielding oil, the emblem of softness and agreeableness.

There is a certain piston in this mechanism which, pressing against a quantity of oil in a confined space, forces this oil against another iron surface, which in turn presses forward upon the timber so that all this crushing power is exerted by the medium of nothing but oil. As you watch the machine, even in the most exciting moment of the culmination of its crushing force, you cannot but be conscious that it is the oil that is doing it. The master stands over his great machine, his pupils grouped about. It lies down flat on its great back, like a giant bracing his shoulder against a rock to push with his feet.

The thing which he is pushing against is a beam of seasoned oak, about 10 inches square, and the thing with which he is pushing is another and lengthwise square beam of oak, the end of which is directly against the side of the beam to be crushed. Off at one side, apparently unconnected with the machine, but in reality connected with it, is an apparatus where there are levers, comparable with the throttle valve of a locomotive, and a gauge which registers accurately the pressure that is being exerted. A young learner stands at these levers and this gauge, and when the master says, "Turn on more oil," he moves a lever, and the pressure rises. Seventy thousand pounds, 80,000 pounds, it rises rapidly. The lengthwise beam is sinking itself deep into the side of the victim timber, but this still holds out bravely. The pressure rises to 90,000—100,000 pounds. The watchers all gather around the center of the pressure in anticipation of the catastrophe; the lengthwise timber is squeezing into the solid oak of the other one as one's thumb might be driven into a piece of cheese.

But still it holds. Little by little the power is turned on. The young man at the gauge calls "120,000," "130,000," "140,000," "150,000." You hear the snapping of a myriad of tendons within the beam, and all these sounds join in a sort of low buzzing roar or cry, which suggests an elemental agony. One hundred and sixty thousand pounds—the beam sinks deeper into the flesh of its victim; 170,000. "More oil!" calls the master, and now the crackle rises—the lengthwise beam itself begins to crack, and the other beam, yielding at last, seems to go to pieces all at once, and when the pressure is removed it is taken out, twisted, contorted, riven, pierced, crushed.

It is useful service, after all, though it seems but an exhibition of the brutality of mere mechanism, that the testing machine and its bed of oil have done, for since the master began the work with it he has proved that timbers will stand only about half the weight which the accepted authorities said they would stand, and by introducing a more conservative weighting of wood he has doubtless saved many human lives from destruction by the collapse of timbered structures.—Boston Transcript.

Newfoundland.

Not only have her mother and sisters been unkind, but even the elements of nature have been spiteful to Newfoundland. A fog worse than the London veil continually frowns upon her shores. The fiercest storms of the continent buffet her. Sinister icebergs hover about her harbors and threaten her fishing craft. Frequent conflagrations make havoc with her antique, combustible buildings, making her poverty still more grinding. Though Newfoundland is bigger than Ireland and nearly as large as all New England, very little of her territory is of use to her. The interior is either marshy or rocky, and the difficulty of building roads through such a country keeps back agriculture. Untold mineral riches, however, are believed to be awaiting development, and her untouched beds of peat are sufficient to supply with good fuel many times the population of the colony.

The cod is the great bulwark of provincial prosperity. The seal comes next, for Bering sea is not the only home of this animal. The fish industry is so predominant that the pedestrian on the sidewalks of the coast towns passes under an endless arbor of drying fish.—Boston Transcript.

A Dumas Anecdote.

In the days of his affluence some one came to Dumas pere for 50 sous to help bury a friend.

"What was he?" inquired Dumas.

"A bailiff, sir," answered the borrower.

Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note, which he thrust into the man's hand: "You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of 'em!"

WARD M'ALLISTER'S VIEWS.

Really Thinks a Gentleman May Engage In Certain Lines of Business.

During the period of our civil war society became utterly demoralized, and many persons amassed fortunes by stocks and gold speculations, and government contracts came to the surface by their reckless extravagance, says Ward McAllister in his wise way in the New York World. Then came the period of railway speculators, many of them genuine railway robbers, as they acquired fortune in a dishonest and reckless manner, but under our modern leniency we do not care how a man acquires his fortune so long as he is clever enough to escape the prison walls.

At present we are just coming to the reign of the great shopkeepers. Shopkeeping has changed so in 50 years that to manage one of our great dry goods, grocery or tailoring establishments requires the ability of a general. The modern shopman is no longer cringing and servile, but holds up his head as high as the man who patronizes him.

In the second generation the old time prejudice which formerly existed vanishes, and undoubtedly in a few years the millionaire proprietors of our great Broadway and Sixth avenue stores will be knocking and demanding admission to society's exclusive functions.

There is undoubtedly a set here who might be termed reactionary who fight against this impending change, but our old family element, I am afraid, must content themselves with their meetings of Colonial Dames, Colonial Wars and other kindred societies, and acknowledge that "the old order changeth."

The question now arises:

Can a tradesman be a veritable gentleman?

I reply unquestionably, yes.

The idea of what constitutes a gentleman is very varied, and a definition is perhaps different in America from the definition in England. In a general sense in this country it applies to every one who is not a blackguard, as one workingman will say to another, "Be a gentleman," or, "Behave yourself like a gentleman."

But of course this is not the idea that I propose to discuss. The point is: Is it possible for a man engaged in trade to have all the instincts and feelings of a true gentleman, or does the continual striving after gain give a shoppy and commercial tinge to his whole nature?

This depends upon the man himself.

In London a man in "the city" is not usually found in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy, the only exceptions being where a man of good family, usually a younger son, has secured a good berth for himself, possibly with very little to do but draw his salary, or where a young man has inherited from his father a business which is carried on for him by his partners, but undoubtedly a man is a bit ashamed there of being in trade, and the army, the navy, the church and diplomacy are considered a more correct career for a young nobleman or gentleman if his means will permit.

In America all this is different.

A young man on finishing his education here is generally very anxious to get to work and find some opportunity to commence a business career. Our young men of family and fortune rarely think of the army, navy and diplomacy and still less of the church. Not that these careers do not contain many estimable persons, but they are certainly not regarded with as much favor as the legal profession or as commerce, banking, engineering or mining. Take, for instance, young men after completing their education in England and America—they are at that period of their life much alike—and then take them 15 years later. Are the Americans any the less true gentlemen for having spent that time in the rush to secure fortune, or does it blunt all their finer sensibilities?

The Duke of Argyll answered this question conclusively, for he put all his younger sons in trade.

They are not necessarily any the less true gentlemen.

Rural China.

On every side white homesteads are scattered, each in its setting of giant bamboo shoots. When you have realized the fact that each of these little lusters of lime washed cottages represents the home of fathers, sons, grandsons and all their female belongings, you will begin to appreciate the density of the population. In front of every farm stand yellow straw stacks raised on wooden legs, and under each a tiny red cow ruminates or else a dull, hairy water buffalo, stupidly wondering whether a mouthful of straw snatched from above will repay the trouble of balancing on his hind legs.

The general effect is most homelike and pleasant. It must be added that a closer inspection of one of these farms does not prove so satisfactory. Round about the ground is strewed with litter and broken earthenware, while the drainage from the cattle sheds forms puddles on the roadway. The plaster has fallen in flakes from the walls. The gay lanterns and gaudy texts in red and black that adorn the entrance only accentuate the dismal antidiness. Nor is the semicircular fish tank, half full of stagnant water, pleasing either to eyes or nose.

Clattering across the drying floor between it and the house, I bring out a pack of curly black haired dogs, who bark furiously, but at a respectful distance. I am known here and am let pass without further comment than the customary "Stit li fan m thyam?" ("Have you eaten rice or not yet?") which, like "How do you do?" calls for no particular answer.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Boston.

Boston was originally named Tremont or Trimountain, from being built on three hills—Beacon, Kopp and Fort hills. In 1630 the court of Charlestown ordered the name changed to Boston. This was the name of a city in England, a contraction of St. Botolph's town, a town in Lincolnshire, which grew up round a famous monastery.

SAVED HER SLIPPERS.

A Bit of Hitherto Unpublished History of the War of 1812.

This is a chapter of semiofficial, semidomestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's family line, a Chicagoan who now lives on Dearborn avenue.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat, fourscore years ago, Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous shipbuilder, a man gallant not only in spirit, but in dress and manner. His fitness for his office is attested by the naval histories of the war of 1812. But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adornment until the luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went at once—to a very retired summer resort. Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable White House portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promoted by absence of body. This lady displayed in the face of danger presence of both mind and body. As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words:

"My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get them."

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers, which, it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with diamond buckles. In his headlong quest for these treasures—which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner, and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.—Chicago Tribune.

A Malay Water Slide.

In Perak, a state in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the bowlder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering and then slide down the 60 feet into a pool of water.

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 200 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.—London Little Folks.

Life In Japan.

"It is a curious, but accepted truth," comments the wife of a naval officer who has resided a number of years in Japan, "that Americans, as a class, do not long stand up against Japan life. There is something in the air, or something lacking in it, which is peculiarly trying to us. So many naval officers serving a three or six years' duty there have come home with an incurable complaint that it is common talk in the service. Two admirals have died of abcess of the liver after several years' residence there, and other officers have had their health seriously impaired under similar conditions. I never was seriously sick in my life till I got out to the island empire, and throughout my whole stay I fought something. The English residents do not seem to suffer as we do, which is also a commented upon fact."—New York Times.

Pianos.

Excellent pianos may be bought in Europe at perhaps two-thirds the cost of a like instrument here, and even individuals can import pianos to advantage in spite of the tariff. But a fact that works pretty effectually to protect the home manufacturer is that either the American climate or the usual steam heat tends to destroy the imported piano, so that even the temptation of saving from $300 to $500 on the first cost does not induce many persons to take the risk of an instrument that cannot stand the climate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

England's Tobacco Law.

An antiquarian says that tobacco cannot be used in England save by a violation of law. In 1660 a law was made prohibiting the growth or importation of tobacco beyond a few hundred pounds of leaves every year, "to be used in medicine." It is said that this statute has never been repealed.

Bettered.

"I would like to improve my opportunities," said the good boy.

"Get the firm to leave more money in the cash drawer," suggested the lad of evil propensities.—Detroit Tribune.

CALIFORNIA in 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS

State President, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.
State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Hensly, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 208, 120 Randolph st; T. A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuoby, Rec Sec, 142 S. Jackson st; Wm Territt, Fin Sec; He did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.—Chicago Tribune.

J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V-P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3084 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 709 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V-P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2968 Union av; Daniel Cullinan, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2708 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—D O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F O Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5039 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 3201 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 3201 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3031 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 294 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 3239 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3518 Justine st; John Larner, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Ladin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5232 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhofen's hall, cor W Lake and 45d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3740 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Scnaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Donerty, Pres, 1153 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4416 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Aqualand av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; P C Harinett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie st; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Reelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3856 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5427 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6330 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 263 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne. Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet 3rd Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, President, 22 Plum st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. E. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John G. Schubert, H C R, Room 23, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 23, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dewitar, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 529 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 227 West Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 83 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2360 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3303 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 526 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mingoue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Case st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 3335 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas; Dr J A Hemstreger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J J Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4738 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Greper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Lafin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 15th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 126 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbech; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 185 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 493 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nemes, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Case st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2305 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3725 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 7, Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C E, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Josepa st; R S, T T Pratte, 2633 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 259 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller [illegible]

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.

$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.

OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.

GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$18.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any

1778. 1895.

THE 117TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

OF THE BIRTH OF

ROBERT EMMET

Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

THE AUDITORIUM

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1895.

JOHN F. FINERTY Will Preside.

The Oration will be delivered by

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

The Address and Resolutions will be read by P. H. KEENAN. The full programme, including vocal and instrumental music, will be announced later on.

ADMISSION, to all parts of the house, ... 50 CENTS

BOXES $6.00 EACH.

Tickets exchangeable for Reserved Seats on and after Monday, Feb. 25.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
160 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,

Adams Express Building, Chicago.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST

BREWING COMPANY'S

BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

AGENTS Wanted. Lucrative Salary Paid. Address or call travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price Lists. Correspondence Invited.

TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.

Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,

Wholesale Cigars.

Sole Proprietors of

LA CARINA,

Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple.

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,

M. V. GANNON. M. J. AGNEW. C. L. AMBERG.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

SUITE 1411 ASHLAND BLOCK,

COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

We Sell a Fine Grade of Soft Coal at Rock Bottom Prices.

Clear Indiana Block.....$3.00 per ton
Clear Lump.....$2.50 per ton
Clear Nut.....$2.25 per ton

Also Hard Coal at low prices.

Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE 3262.

M. E. CLEAR, President.

McAVOY

BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO. (INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ills

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN

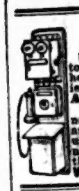
John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies, School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 523.



ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth. Agents make from $5 to $50 per day. One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write. W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

IN 5 DAYS 7 HOURS 23 MINUTES

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD, BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

"LUCANIA" "CAMPANIA"

620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.

Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"

520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power,

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.

ALL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.

SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS

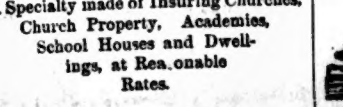
by this line, which has been running Over 54 Years and has Never Lost a Passenger.

Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.

FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.

F. G. WHITING, Gen'l West. Dept. 131 Randolph St. Chicago.

Agents wanted for British and Irish business.



WHEN GOING TO EUROPE, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC. 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.

TEUTONIC. 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.

BRITANNIC. 7 days, 6 hours, 52 min.

GERMANIC. 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

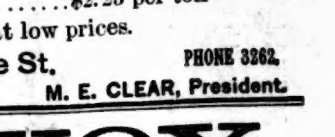
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l P'a Ag't,
84 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.



New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY SATURDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,

32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.